The Centre Reporter.

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THE CENTRE REPORTER.

FRED. KURTZ, Editor and Prop'r.

We think the Republican party is dead.

We think Blaine is shelved for all time.

If Mrs. Lockwood is still anxious to get into the white-house let her apply to Cleveland for the position of chief-cook.

We think President Arthur might very properly in his forthcoming thanksgiving proclamation enumerate as one of the blessings the nation should give thanks for, the defeat of a man like James G. Blaine for the Presidency.

Out of modesty Blaine's new history will not bear record beyond the late Chicago convention—ending with the last ballot—then *Finis*.

If the Democratic party was dead as proclaimed by the Republicans for the last twenty years, then it must be admitted that Providence saw the necessity of resurrecting it, in order to secure the people of the United States good government again.

There will no doubt be a big rush of office-seekers with the incoming administration. The most hungry will, no doubt, be some who have least claim and have done little for the party.

The Democrat who often told us there was no use going to the polls to vote, because the Democrats were always either being cheated or defeated, will now see that we were right in advising to stick to it as our day was bound to come.

Democrats, of Centre county look into the causes that have reduced the regular majority from 1000 down to 500, with a close shave on some of the local tickets. If hate and spite and trading—or those who practice it—are not discountenanced, may we not be in danger of total defeat in the future? Let us avoid such a thing. We sound the alarm thus early, with the lesson of the late election fresh in the ears of every honest Democrat.

The Democrats are discussing the causes of the reduced majority in this county and the narrow escape from defeat of part of our local ticket. It is clear that if the United States senator question and the presidential campaign had not kept many in ranks, that the result would have been worse. Let a lesson be learned. The people must have nominees who are their choice, and not the work of a set-up and trading—even the suspicion of such work endangers the success of a ticket, as voters are beginning to get tired of the ways of the wire-worker, and often a single distasteful name will cause scores of voters to flinch and thus the entire ticket suffers.

The charters of 721 national banks, with an aggregate capital of over $189,000,000. will expire during the year of 1885. This is more than one-third of the entire number of the national banks now in existence.

From the information already received by the comptroller of the currency it is expected that a large majority of these banks will continue their existence by extending their charters or by re-organizing under other titles. There are at present more national banks in existence with a larger aggregate capital than there ever were before. The capital invested in the national banks was increased about $15,000,000 during the year ended September 30, 1884.

The Democrats are to step into power soon. We promised Reform. If we give the people an honest and economical government, the party will remain in power. If the Democracy forget their pledges and become as corrupt as the Republicans, the same people who put us in power will turn us out. We must have a President who will appoint honest men to places of trust so the public funds are not stolen. It is impossible for the President to know every one he appoints, but when he finds a rascal he is expected to turn him out. This is what the Republicans failed to do, hence the people turned the Republicans out.

This rule must be followed by the Democrats in their local tickets. We want honest men for senators and assembly, who wlil not vote for jobs. We must have honest county treasurers who will take good care of our monies. We must have honest commissioners who will put the foot on extravagance. We must have honest sheriffs who will not bring in dishonest charges—and so on all through the list. If the Democracy are faithful in all these things, the days of the party will be many for holding office.

Let the Democracy remember its covenants—the Reporter will be one to remind them of these, and will do it without fear of the threats of corrupt and scheming men—for we know the people will be on our side.

THE NEW CONGRESS.

Secretary McPherson, of the republican congressional committee, is revising the congressional returns. According to his figures the democrats will have 183 members in the next house, the republicans 141 and greenbackers 1. This gives the democrats a majority of 41. The republicans gain 22 over their representation in the present house, a loss to the democrats of 18 and of 4 to the greenbackers and independents. If, as it appears by the returns, there is a tie in the Illinois Legislature which elects Mr. Logan's successor to the senate, Logan will not make a fight to be returned if he is defeated for the vice presidency. It is said he would not prove particularly strong with his own party, and could not hope to get a vote from the other side.

A DISHONEST SCHEME.

The *Patriot* says the purpose of republican managers in keeping up a doubt as to the result of the late elections is already apparent, and it is as discreditable as it is dishonest. A party management that will speculate on the credulity of its own followers is beneath contempt, yet that seems to be what the republican managers have been doing.

The news comes from New York, and it is well authenticated, that soon after the election the managers of the republican national committtee learned the exact result of the contest and probably admitted Blaine's defeat. One of them, however, put a large sum of money in the hands of a friend to bet on Cleveland, and then put out a bulletin claiming Mr. Blaine's election. On the faith of this bulletin credulous republicans bet freely and the agent of the republican manager in question took in the bets.

Can any one conceive a more conscienceless transaction than this? Yet it is in keeping not only with the conduct of the campaign on the part of the republicans, but with the character of the republican candidate It was a dastardly act. It not only resulted in fleecing those republicans who bet against the money in the hands of that individual, but had the same effect all over the country. Even in this town, Harrisburg, hundreds of dollars were staked and lost on these ficticious claims of pluralities for Blaine.

THE GROWTH OF TEXAS.

The recent returns made to the comptroller of Texas shows its rapid development, as rapid as that made by any state in the Union. Nearly all the counties have sent in their assessment, showing an increase over last year of $63,000,000. In 1882 is was $107,000,000, and in the previous two years nearly as much, bringing the total valuation of the state up to $583,000,000, against $311,000,000 four years ago—very near doubling in this short period of time.

The increase in population has kept step with the increase in wealth. The immigration which began in Texas some ten years ago, when that state was freed from Republican rule, is kept up to this day.

The bureau of statistics, after a careful consideration of the subject, place the population to-day at 2,215,709, an increase of 623,964 in four years, or over 155,000 per annum. Should this progress continue—and there is no reason to doubt it—Texas will have a population of 3,200,000 by the next census, and stand fifth in the list of States instead of eleventh.

Large as is its assessment, it is less than half its wealth, the Galveston *News* remarks: The railroads are assessed at $40,000,000, whereas they are worth $200,000,000. The state owns lands and bonds worth $100,000,000 belonging to the schools, assylums, etc., which are now assessed. Personal property is assessed far below its value, and agricultural products are valued at less than half their true figure. In fine, Texas is now one of the most populous and prosperous and richest States in the Union. This it has accomplished under Democratic auspices, or, rather, through Democratic rule.

The annual report of the commissioner of pensions says that at the close of the year there were 322,756 pensioners, there were added to the roll during the year the names of 34,192 pensioners and the names of 1,221 whose pensions had previously been dropped, but were restored to the roll. During the same period 16,315 names were dropped from the rolls for various causes. The amount paid for pensions during the year was $56,908,597, exceeding the annual value of pensions by several millions of dollars, which represents the first payments, generally in new claims and known as arrears of pensions. The commissioner says that at the rate the claims have been filed for the past few years the close of the year 1886 will undoubtedly show one million claims filed for pensions since 1861. Since that year the total amount disbursed is $678,346,834.

The commissioner advocates the adoption of remedial legislation by congress which shall take from the claimant some of the burdens which in their operation amount to a practical denial of his claim.

THE THREE R'S.

Dr. Burchard, says the *World*, is vouched for as a truly good and pious man. A weakness for alliteration and roundly rolling letters, like the letter "R," is said to be his failing, and to this, instead of to a bad, uncharitable heart, is attributed his famous "Rum, Romanism and Rebellion."

We are inclined to believe that three other "R's" had more to do with it than alliteration, namely, Rabid, Ranting Republicanism. Dr. Burchard only gave utterance to the doctrine that has been preached from Republican pulpits for twenty-four years. The remark was unnoticed by Mr. Blaine because it was the talk to which his ears were accustomed and which his lips had often spoken in former campaigns.

But it is now said that Dr. Burchard is afflicted in spirit by the thought that his words may have aided Blaine's defeat, and he prays that the bitter cup of Cleveland's election may be removed from him.

This, if true, falsifies the character of piety and goodness claimed for the reverand bigot and proves him to be a disgrace to the clergy of any denomination. If he did not speak what he thought to be the truth when he said the Democracy was a party of "Rum, Romanism and Rebellion," he is a liar as well as a slanderer. If he did speak what he thought to be the truth and now regrets it, he is a hypocrite.

If Dr. Burchard had true charity and religion in his heart, he would give President Cleveland credit for his honesty and integrity and would hope for a successful, upright and honorable administration during his term.

Blaine to Fisher:

"Dear Fisher:—Burn those letters now, they have answered your purpose; I will run again in 1888. My regards to Mrs. Fisher. J. G. B."

There is no end to Mr. Cleveland's good luck. It turns out that an eccentric rich man of Pittsburg made a will several years ago making the first Democratic President a sort of residuary legatee. By this document Mr. Cleveland will come into the possession of about $50,000 for the use and behoof of the Democratic party, and the perpetuation of Democratic principles.

The New York legislature is Republican, but there is talk of the Republicans of the stalwart wing joined by the Democrats electing Conkling U. S. Senator. We say amen to that. Can't something like it be done in the Pennsylvania legislature.

MAJORITIES IN THE 20TH CONGRESSIONAL DISTRICT.

Following are the official majorities in this congressional district:

	Curtin.	Patton.
Centre	2066	
Clinton	254	
Clearfield	752	
Mifflin	507	
Union		1081
Elk		1261
Total	3579	2342
Curtin's majority		1237

Rynder, gr. b, had 141 votes—54 in Centre, Clearfield 74, Clinton 10, Elk 2, Mifflin 0, Union 1. Hall had 140 votes—in Centre 0, Clearfield 9, Clinton 3, Elk 10 Mifflin 86, Union 32.

HOPING FOR BAD GOVERNMENT.

[Lancaster Examiner, Rep.]

One thing can be relied upon. If the Democrats get into power they will make such asses of themselves that the cry will go up before a year, "Turn the fools out."

ACQUIESCE IN THE WILL OF THE PEOPLE.

[Boston Transcript, Rep.]

Let the defeated party accept the inevitable with the same grace the Democrats have been compelled to assume for twenty four years.

A STALWART SUMMING UP BLAINE.

[St. Louis Globe Democrat, Rep.]

He proves a dead-head in the enterprise of carrying the country.

For President in 1888—some man who hasn't written any letters.

Mr Blaine should have burned those letters himself, instead of asking another fellow to do it.

The trouble began by Blaine's designation of Conkling as a turkey gobbler twenty years ago. We presume the returns mean that Conkling is not a turkey gobbler.

We believe it was Martin Van Buren who said he would rather walk twenty miles than write a letter. If Blaine had taken more walks and written fewer letters he might have been elected.

In re "Tell the Truth" vs. "Burn this Letter," verdict for plaintiff.

CONGRESSMAN DUNCAN DEAD.

Harrisburg, Pa., November 14.—Wm. A. Duncan, who was re-elected to Congress in the Nineteenth district on the 4th instant, died at his residence in Gettysburg this morning. His death was due to consumption.

——We saw a man come out of Lewin's clothing store, on Thursday last pleased all over because he bought a first class overcoat and paid $8 less for it than it would have cost him elsewhere. This is a sample of the bargains that can be had at the Philad. Branch every hour of the day in men and boys' clothing.

THE ELECTION

The Democracy having proven very stiff about the knee-joint, the Republicans have concluded it best not to try and steal New York. The matter is settled—the lowest Democratic elector in New York has 1105 plurality, and Cleveland is elected by 37 electoral majority, and nearly a quarter million majority over Blaine on the popular vote.

THE ELECTORAL VOTE.

DEMOCRATIC STATES.

States.	Plurality.	Electors.
Alabama	30,000	10
Arkansas	1,200	7
Connecticut	3,000	6
Delaware	3,000	3
Florida	5,000	4
Georgia	60,000	12
Indiana	8,000	15
Kentucky	45,000	13
Louisiana	25,000	8
Maryland	16,000	8
Mississippi	30,000	9
Missouri	55,000	16
New Jersey	4,000	9
New York	1,000	36
North Carolina	9,000	11
South Carolina	43,000	9
Tennessee	20,000	12
Texas	98,000	13
Virginia	9,000	12
West Virginia	4,000	6
Total		219

REPUBLICAN STATES.

States.	Plurality.	Electors.
California	500	8
Colorado	3,000	3
Illinois	15,000	22
Iowa	43,000	13
Kansas	47,000	9
Maine	20 000	6
Massachusetts	10,000	14
Michigan	—	13
Minnesota	32,000	7
Nebraska	20,000	5
Nevada	1,000	3
New Hampshire	3,000	4
Ohio	30,000	23
Oregon	1,300	3
Pennsylvania	65,000	30
Rhode Island	9,000	4
Vermont	22,000	4
Wisconsin	9,000	11
Total		182

RECAPITULATION

Democratic	219
Republican	182
Cleveland's majority	37

OPENING OF THE NEW YORK, PHILADELPHIA AND NORFOLK RAILROAD.

On Monday, 17th inst., the New York, Philadelphia and Norfolk Railroad was formally opened to trade and travel. The road commencing at Delmar, Md., extends along the Eastern Shore of Maryland and Virginia to Cape Charles, ninety-five miles. At this point passengers are transferred from the cars to fast mail steamers and ferried over to Norfolk, a distance of thirty-six miles. Leaving Delmar the line of the road traverses some of the most fertile and productive sections of the two states, and passes through the following towns and villages: Salisbury, Fruitland, Eden, Loretto, Princess Anne, King's Creek, Adelia, Pocomoke, New Church, Hallston, Matomkin, Accomac, Pungoteage, Bell Haven, Bird's Nest, Eastville, finding its terminus at Cape Charles, Va. From this point the ferry services will be performed for the present by the swift and commodious steamer "Jane Moseley." She will stop en route Old Point Comfort and Portsmouth, Va. A steamer especially designed for this service is now being built, and will be put into operation in March, when solid trains, without change or transfer, will be carried through to Norfolk. The completion of the road closes a most important link in the chain of Southern connections. At Delmar the new line connects with the trains of the Philadelphia, Wilmington and Baltimore Railroad for Washington, Philadelphia, New York, Boston and the East. At Norfolk and Western for Petersburg, Lynchburg, and other points in Virginia, and with the Norfolk Southern for Elizabeth City, Edenton, and points in North Carolina. At Portsmouth connection will be made with the Seaboard and Roanoke Railroad connecting at Weldon with the Atlantic Coast Line system for Wilmington, Charleston, Savannah, Jacksonville, New Orleans, and Southern points; and at Old Point Comfort with the Chesapeake and Ohio for Richmond. The route is both shorter and quicker than any existing route to Southern points, saving the traveler five and six hours between New York and Norfolk. A through line, with Pullman Sleeper, will leave New York at 8 p. m., Philadelphia at 11 p. m., Wilmington at 11:50, arriving at Cape Charles at 6:30 a. m. Leaving Norfolk at 6:30 p m. the traveler will reach Philadelphia at an early hour of the morning, and New York at 7 a. m. Supper will be served to North-bound and breakfast to South-bound passengers on the boat. The equipment of the road is first-class in every particular, and it will, doubtless, soon become a very popular route of Southern travel.

A collision of railway trains occurred near Hanau, Germany. Fifteen persons were killed, and a large number wounded.

A PLEASANT ALTERNATIVE.

In Morocco, when a thief is caught in the most trivial offense, they politely request him to hold up both hands. Then they ask him what hand he would prefer to have in his possession, and when he has made his choice they cut off the other. When a thief has thus lost both hands and also his feet, he loses his head and quits stealing.

EARLY NEWSPAPERS.

The oldest English newspaper still existing is the London *Gazette*; but there are others, still held by private persons, which date their birth as far back as the seventeenth century. Thus the Worcester *Journal* was established in 1690 and the Edinburgh *Gazette* nine years later. The oldest London daily paper still existing is the *Morning Post*, founded in 1772. The *Times*, under its present name, dates from 1788. The first daily journal attempted in the metropolis was the *Postboy* of 1695; but the first successful venture under this head was the *Courant* of 1702; and a fac-simile reproduction of the first number is given by Mr. Ashton in his book on "Social Life in the Reign of Queen Anne." The originator of this humble precursor of our great newspapers was E. Mallet, who resided "next door to the King's Arms Tavern at Fleet Bridge." The size is small folio, printed on one side only; and the editor concludes his first number by remarking that his paper is "designed to give all the material news as soon as every post arrives, and is confined to half the compass to save the public at least half of the impertinences of ordinary newspaper."

ZULU HERO WORSHIP.

Says the London *World*: "I was an eye witness of a most interesting and affecting incident," a correspondent writes, "associated with the visit of the late Duke of Wellington to the Zulu Exhibition at St. James' Hall, when those swarthy skinned warriors made their appearance in London. His Grace was seated in the front row of reserved seats, and when the Zulus were conducted round by their interpreter the latter explained to them his relationship to the 'Great Duke,' whose equestrian statue they had so much admired before its removal from Decimus Burton's Arch. All the party thereupon, with one accord, suddenly prostrated themselves at the Duke's feet, which, together with his hands, they devoutly kissed with an amount of reverence I could not have given the swarthy beings credit for the possession of. The Duke was very much affected and seemed quite unable to account for such a display of affection toward him, which, the interpreter explained, was solely due to his being the so famous a warrior as his illustrious son of father."

AN ANECDOTE OF JUDGE FOLGER.

Some thirty years ago a train, while standing at the station at Geneva, was run into from behind by another train. One gentleman was killed and several badly injured. The indignation of the crowd at the station was so intense that an attempt was made to lynch the offending engineer then and there. They had dragged him from his engine and were about to proceed summarily to punish him, even to the taking of his life, when Charles J. Folger, then a young and very athletic man, plunged into the crowd, and, throwing the rioters right and left, took the engineer under his charge and protected him from violence. The engineer was in mortal fear, and trembled like an aspen leaf. His agony, too, on realizing the effects of his carelessness was pitiable to behold. The gentleman killed was the confidential clerk of Erastus Corning, and was greatly mourned. Judge Folger was a man of great resolution as well as prodigious physical strength, and this was demonstrated in his action on that day.

THE MEDICAL USES OF EGGS.

For burns and scalds there is nothing more soothing than the white of an egg, which may be poured over the wound. It is softer as a varnish for a burn than collodion, and being always on hand, can be applied immediately. It is also more cooling than the "sweet oil and cotton," which was formerly supposed to be the surest application to allay the smarting pain. It is the contact with the air which gives the extreme discomfort experienced from ordinary accidents of this kind; and anything which excludes air and prevents inflammation is the best thing to be at once applied. The egg is also considered one of the very best remedies for dysentery. Beaten up lightly, with or without sugar, and swallowed at a gulp, it tends, by its emollient qualities to lessen the inflammation of the stomach and intestines, and by forming a transient coating on these organs to enable nature to assume her healthful sway over the deceased body.

BILL NYE ON PHRENOLOGY.

"An erroneous prenologist told me," writes Bill Nye, "that I would shine as a revivalist, and said that I ought to marry a tall blonde, with a nervous sanguinary temperament. Then he said: 'One dollar, please,' and I said: 'All right, gentle scientist with a tawny mane. I will give you the dollar and marry the tall blonde with the bank account and bilious temperament, when you give me a chart showing me how to dispose of a brown-eyed brunette with a thoughtful cast of countenance, who married me in an unguarded moment two years ago."

"He looked at me in a reproachful kind of way, struck at me with a chair in an absentminded manner and stole away."

Commercial magnesium is prepared by reducing magnesium chloride, or the double chloride of magnesium and sodium or potassium with sodium. The double chloride is prepared by dissolving magnesium carbonate in hydrochloric acid, adding an equivalent quantity of sodium or potassium chloride, evaporating to dryness, and fusing the residue. This product, heated with sodium in a wrought iron crucible, yields metallic magnesium containing certain impurities from which it may be freed by distillation. This process is now carried out on a manufacturing scale, and the magnesium is drawn out into or formed into ribbon for burning.

Ladies' Russian circulars, dolmans newmarkets and plush coats, in every conceivable shape, at the Bee Hive.

SHERIFF'S SALES.

By virtue of Sundry Writs of Fiera Facias, Levari Facias and Venditioni Exponas, issued out of the Court of Common Pleas of Centre County and to me directed, will be exposed at public sale at the Court House, in the borough of Bellefonte, on

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 22, 1884,

the following property, to wit:

No 1. All that certain piece of ground situated in the borough of Unionville, Centre county, Pa., bounded and described as follows: On the north by lands of J C Smith, on the east by an alley, on the west by —— street, and on the south by Centre street. Thereon erected a two story frame dwelling house, stable, and other out buildings.

Also another tract of land situated in Union township, Centre county, Pa., bounded and described as follows: On the southeast by plank road, on the southwest by land of Thos. Parsons, on the northeast by lands of the estate of Alexander Edminston. Thereon erected a frame dwelling house, bank barn and other outbuildings. Seized, taken in execution and to be sold as the property of H W Hoover.

No. 2. All that certain piece of ground situated in Walker township, Centre county, Pa., bounded and described as follows: Beginning at a stone corner of Isaac Smyth thence by same south 43° east 22½ perches to a stone, thence north 47° east 27½ perches to a stone, thence by lands of Samuel Homan south 43° east 30 perches to a stone, thence by Edward Rogar south 56° west 54 8-10 perches to a stone, thence by John Fallen north 43° west 114 perches to stones, thence by pike north 47° east 27 perches to the place of beginning, containing 24 acres and 53 perches, neat measure.

Also another piece in Walker township, Centre county, Pa., bounded and described as follows: Beginning at a white oak corner of Edward Rogar thence by the stone south 56° west 15 perches to a stone, thence by Isaac Smyth north 31° west 42 perches to stones, thence north 56° east 15 perches to a stone, thence by John Fallon south 31° east 42 perches to the place of beginning, containing 3 acres and 150 perches.

Also another piece of ground situated in Walker township, Centre county, Pa., bounded and described as follows: Beginning by a lime stone by the pike thence by land of John Fallon north 42° west 21 3-10 perches to a lime stone, thence by land of T Huston north 65½° east 8 6-10 perches to a lime stone, thence south 42° east 17 4-10 perches to a lime stone, thence by the pike south 48° west 8 2-10 perches to the place of beginning, containing 154 perches. Seized, taken in execution and to be sold as the property of J H Tolbert.

No. 3. All that certain messuage, tenement and tract of land situated in Spring Mills, in Gregg township, Centre county, Pa., bounded and described as follows: On the north by Daniel Lose on the west by Mrs. Joseph McCool, on the east by Geo. A Runk and on the south by L. & T. Railroad, containing ½ acre, more or less, thereon erected a two-story frame dwelling house, stable, and other outbuildings. Seized, taken in execution and to be sold as the property of Jacob Bame.

No. 4. All that certain messuage, tenement and tract of land situated in Liberty township, Centre county, Pa., bounded and described as follows: Beginning at stones thence by lands of Samuel Gardner north 75° east 67 perches to a pine, thence north 61° east 50 perches to a post, thence south south 30° east 68¾ perches to stones, thence by land of M. and C. Schenck south 61° west 33 perches to a post, thence south 51° west 27 perches to a pine, thence south 61° west 158 6-10 perches to stones, thence by land of John Wagner north 21½° east 134 perches to the place of beginning, containing 77 acres and 85 perches and allowance of six perches for road and less two acres for school house lot and another lot. It being the same premises conveyed to J I Gardner by James Mahaffey and wife Oct. 20, 1849 and conveyed to James Mahaffey by John Roab and wife on the 22d day of April, 1841, and conveyed to John Roab by Christian Glossner and wife on the 25th day of March, 1839, and conveyed to Christian Glossnor by Hugh Shaw and wife on the 26th day of March, 1838, conveyed to Hugh Shaw by Mary and John Brickley on the 27th day of June, 1836, and conveyed to Mary and John Brickley by Matthew Leitch on the 3d day of May, 1834, conveyed to Matthew Leitch by pattent from land office bearing date, March 25, 1834. Enrolled in pattent book "H", volume 32, page 557. Thereon erected a log dwelling house, log barn and other outbuildings. Seized, taken in execution and to be sold as the property of John McKan.

TERMS—No deed will be acknowledged until purchase money be paid in full.

T. J. DUNKLE,
Sheriff.

Sheriff's Office, Nov. 3, 1884.

REGISTER'S NOTICE.—The following accounts have been examined, passed and remain filed of record in this office for the inspection of heirs and legatees, creditors and all others in any wise interested and will be presented to the Orphans' Court of Centre County, on Wednesday, 26th day of November, A. D. 1884, for allowance and confirmation:

1 The account of Rev. Elias Stamback, executor of &c. of Christina Kreamer, late of Penn twp., deceased.

2 The first and final account of Frank B. Stover, administrator of &c, of Catharine Stover, late of Harris twp., dec'd.

3 The first and final account of W. H. Musser, executor of &c. of John Shiffer, late of Ferguson twp., deceased.

4 The first and final account of David H. Young, administrator of &c. of Catharine Young, late of Ferguson twp., dec'd.

5 The first partial account of Christian Brown and Caroline Mulholland, administrator of &c. of Rudolph Mulholland, late of Burnside township, deceased.

6 The first and final account of W S Harris, executor of &c. of Eliza E Brewster, late of Philipsburg borough, dec'd.

7 The first and final account of J M Kichline, administrator of &c. of Mary Kochler, late of Bellefonte borough, dec'd.

8 The first and final account of Dr. Thomas C. VanTries and Geo. L. VanTries, administrators of &c. of Samuel VanTries, late of Bellefonte borough, deceased.

9 The account of Isaac S Frain, administrator of &c. of Henry Theil, late of Curtin township, deceased.

10 The account of Isaac Frain, administrator of &c. of Phoeby M Quay, late of Curtin township, deceased.

11 The account of Jonas Stine and R E Robinson, administrator of &c. of Robert Robinson, late of Huston twp., dec'd.

12 The second account of Michael Hess, guardian of minor children of Susan Knarr, dec'd.

13 The account of Thomas Strauss, guardian of &c. of the minor children of Samuel Corl, late of Ferguson twp., dec'd.

14 The account of Thomas R Zeigler, administrator of &c. of Isaac Zeigler, late of Miles township, deceased.

15 The account of W H Fry, acting administrator of &c. of Hugh Larimore, late of Ferguson township, dec'd.

16 The first and final account of Jesse Woodring, executor of &c. of Nancy Emigh, late of Worth twp., dec'd.

17 The account of W J Thompson, administrators of &c. of Dr, A. S. Weaver, late of Potter twp., dec'd.

JAMES A. McCLAIN,
Register.

BIRCHBROOK MILL.

A noteless stream the Birchbrook runs
Beneath its leaning trees;
That low, soft ripple is its own,
That dull roar is the sea's.

Of human signs it sees alone
The distant church-spire's tip,
And, ghost-like, on a blank of gray
The white sail of a ship.

No more a toiler at the wheel,
It wanders at its will;
Nor dam nor pond is left to tell
Where once was Birchbrook Mill.

The timbers of that mill have fed
Long since a farmer's fires:
His doorsteps are the stones that ground
The harvest of his sires.

Men trespassed here; but nature los.
No right of her domain;
She waited, and she brought the old,
Wild beauty back again.

By day the sunlight through the leaves
Falls on its moist, green sod,
And wakes the violet bloom of spring
And autumn's golden-rod.

Its birches whisper to the wind,
The swallow dips her wings
In the cool spray, and on its banks
The gray song-sparrow sings.

A DOCTOR'S RUSE.

Dr. Paul Ventnor sat alone in his office, his hands crossed on his knees, his eyes fixed upon vacancy, the light from the side-jet falling upon his worn, anxious face.

The room was barely comfortable. The floor was covered with matting. The wall paper was shabby, but was cheerfully relieved by a few cheap, yet brightly colored chromos, and the heavily-gilt frame which enclosed his diploma. A desk somewhat littered, a book-cate but partially filled, an old-fashioned sofa and a few stuffed, stiff-backed chairs, were all the furniture visible. We say visible, because within a small, curtained alcove, were a low, narrow bedstead, and a dingy toilet stand, in keeping with the cracked wash-bowl and pitcher which surmounted it, and with the rickety towel-rack which stood beside it.

The doctor was quite a young man, prepossessing in appearance, and positive in his manner—his grave thoughtful face indicating character and a fair degree of reserved strength. His clothes had a seedy look; they were entire, but much worn, frayed around the button holes, the faded binding rendered less noticeable by the application of ink.

In fact the doctor was very poor, and the out-look for the future was in no wise encouraging. He had been located in that quarter of the city for three months, and yet had not received a single professional call. He had spent his means, and had been compelled to pawn his surgical instruments and a few of his books; he was in arrears for boarding, while the landlord had given him notice to vacate the room.

The doctor was not to blame for his straitened circumstances. He had practiced rigid economy; he had nailed up his sign and distributed his circulars; he was at least theoretically well up in his profession; his address was in his favor; he had patiently waited. There was not much sickness in the neighborhood, and what little patronage there was went into the hands of the older practitioners. No wonder that the young doctor's attitude was a forlorn one, and the expression on his face almost devoid of hope.

Suddenly his countenance brightened. Some one had pulled the bell. Who else, if not a patient? He opened the door, and a lady entered. She was closely veiled, and yet he knew that she was young, because of the elasticity in her movements.

"You are Dr. Ventnor?" she asked, her voice sweet and distinct, though slightly tremulous.

"At your service, madam," he answered, with a polite bow. "Pray, be seated."

She took the chair which he placed for her, and removed her veil; and as she did so, he noticed that her hand was small, white, shapely and bejeweled. Her face was exceedingly fair, though it wore a troubled look. Her eyes were black and lustrous. They made a rapid survey of the room, and then rested upon the doctor's face in such a steady, calculating, estimating way that he felt the blood filling his cheeks.

"I wish you to call upon my father," she said.

"To-night?" asked the doctor.

"Well—no," she debatingly answered. "To morrow will do. I tell you beforehand, its an odd case, and a bad one. If you succeed in relieving him you have only to name your fee."

"What is his malady?" asked the doctor.

"He's a hypochondriac," she slowly, half unwillingly admitted, the color coming and going in her face. "He has a strange hallucination, and if he is not lifted out of it it will end in his death."

The doctor was becoming facinated with the sweet voice, the graceful gestures, the black eyes, which grew more lustrous because anxiety had filled them with tears. He drew his chair nearer to her own.

"You have consulted other physicians?" he asked.

"Quite a number," she replied, a little flurriedly. "Some of the best in the city."

"Without success?"

"Oh, of course," and she spoke with impatience. "They had no—no—intentions. They argued, and—hooted."

There was something charming about those pauses in the choice of words.

"You think they should have humored him?" the doctor asked.

"Yes!" she answered, her face brightening wondrously. "You have caught the idea. Oh, sir, I believe that you can cure him."

In her excited eagerness, she unconsciously laid her hand on his arm, and the touch thrilled him.

"Why did you come to me?" he asked, "I am young—inexperienced—unknown."

"Why?" she inquired, with a searching look. "I do not know. Why do we do foolish things?" and she smiled a little oddly. "They come to us like a—a revelation."

It was an ambiguous explanation, and yet he understood her.

"Perhaps the other physicians were too old, and knew too much," she added, the odd smile again stirring her lips.

"I will do what I can," the doctor gravely said. "What is the character of the hallucination?"

"It is concerning his food," she slowly replied, the piquancy dying out of her face. "Or, to be precise, it concerns what is given him to drink. For days at a time nothing liquid passes his lips. Oh, it is just dreadful!"

"There are rational intervals?" the doctor asked.

"Yes, thank God!" she exclaimed, with sweet fervor, "otherwise he would be in his grave."

"He fancies the water to be poisoned, eh?"

"Oh, worse!" cried the lovely visitor. "Filled with the finest needles."

"Ah!" ejaculated Dr. Ventnor. He was thoughtful for a minute—then added—"Give me your address. I'll call to-morrow."

She handed him a card upon which was printed: G. B. Branson, No. —— Walnut street, Philadelphia.

The doctor knew the gentleman by reputation; he felt sure there was a heavy fee in prospect.

"You will be sure to come?" his visitor asked, with a delightful tremor in her voice.

She arose and dropped her veil over her face, her diamond rings catching a thousand sparkles of light.

"Without fail," was the doctor's answer, as he accompanied her to the door. Is your father in distress now?"

"Very much so, sir."

They had reached the doorstep. It was so early in the evening yet, that she was not in need of an escort.

"One thing more, Miss Branson," he said. "It may be best for me not to call as a physician."

"Why not?" asked she in quiet surprise.

"He may be prejudiced," replied the doctor. Probably you have not caught my meaning. A great deal will depend upon adroitness. Could I not come upon some pretended business? Of a kind in which he takes an interest?"

She bent her head, and he noticed how finely poised it was.

"He has houses to rent on Brandywine street," she said, after a pause. "To rent and to sell."

"Very good," rejoined the doctor, "that will serve me. Now, Miss Branson, you must not be surprised if I cut up some queer antics." He laughed as he said that. "Watch me closely for a clew to what I would have you do or say."

He felt that she was keenly regarding him, in the dimness, through her veil.

"I think I understand," she simply said. "Good evening, sir."

The next morning Doctor Paul Ventnor took from a drawer a strong horseshoe magnet. He rubbed steadily upon the blades of his pocket-knife with one of the poles of the magnet, thoroughly electrifying it. He purchased a paper of very fine needles at an adjoining store; then set out for the residence of his patient.

He found the latter to be a man well advanced in life, intelligent and genial—so genial, in fact, that the doctor wondered at there being so much of the suspectful in his nature.

The room was magnificently furnished, yet without a violation of harmony or taste. The owner was evidently a man of wealth, disposed to consult his ease.

The doctor at once opened a conversation about the houses on Brandywine street, in which Mr. Branson earnestly joined, and vividly explained points in the speculation.

"Sir, could I trouble you for a drink of water?" the doctor suddenly asked.

"Certainly," replied the other. "Kate please bring Mr.——?"

"Ventnor," supplied the doctor.

"A glass of water," completed Mr. Branson.

He was addressing his daughter, who had called upon the doctor the evening before, and she was seated in one of the bay windows. She put aside her book left the room, and returned with a glass of water, which the doctor accepted with a bow.

He was more impressed with her loveliness than ever, now that he had a better view of her. Her hair was black and abundant, her air dignified, her manner royal; she was undoubtedly an intelligent, refined, sensible, pure-minded young woman.

No glance of recognition passed between them—at least her father did not notice any; but the doctor saw a waiting, wistful, trustful, anticipating look in her eyes, which made his pulses throb faster.

He raised the glass to his lips, and then a well-feigned look of astonishment crossed his face. He ejected some of the water, plucked at his moustache, then strode to the window, where he seemed absorbed in an examination of the contents of the glass.

"What is the matter?" asked Mr. Branson.

"Matter?" sharply repeated the doctor, as he turned from the window. "Sir, who is this girl," he sternly asked.

"Girl!" exclaimed Mr. Branson with a frown. "She is my daughter."

"I beg a thousand pardons!" humbly rejoined the doctor, seeming quite flurtied. "This is remarkable! Very remarkable!" and he stared into the glass.

"What is remarkable?" asked Mr. Branson with a gasp.

"There are needles swimming in the water!" announced the doctor, the nonplused look still on his face. "Hundreds of them sir. How did they get in? Why did she give me such stuff as this?"

"Needles!" exclaimed Mr. Branson, becoming very much excited. "There, Kate," he added, with an air of triumph. "What have I always told you?"

Miss Branson stared into the tumbler, her face comically demure.

"I see no needles," she said.

"Oh, you don't eh?" sarcastically rejoined the doctor. "What do you say, Mr. Branson?" and he handed the old gentleman the glass.

"You are right, sir," declared he; "I see them with the naked eye; and my sight is none of the best, for I am almost seventy. But you cannot convince her."

"May be I can," objected the doctor. He took out his knife, thrust into the glass the magnetized blade, and when he withdrew it a number of needles were adhering to it, for he had adroitly dropped them into the water.

"What have you to say now?" he asked, his eyes upon Kate.

"I am convinced," she said. "Why, it is just horrible."

The doctor turned to Mr. Branson, and said:

"You do not seem greatly surprised?"

"Well, no," replied the old gentleman, with a grin. "It is no new experience to me. For months I have found needles in the water, milk, tea, coffee—in everything served up to me to drink. I cannot begin to tell you what I have suffered. I called in several physicians, but they laughed at me, and treated it as the fancy of a disordered mind. You are the only person who ever detected the needles, and I know you have no hint of the matter from me or anybody else. I shall ever hold you in grateful remembrance, if for no other reason than because you have convinced my daughter. She will believe, with me, that a diabolical and systematic attempt has been made upon my life."

"On *mine*, sir in this instance," grimly rejoined the doctor. "It is an outrageous affair, and must be looked into. Who filled this glass?"

"Richard," replied Miss Branson.

"Who is Richard," replied the doctor.

"A domestic."

"Send him here at once," peremptorily ordered the doctor.

Mr. Branson stared with admiration at his visitor; he was a man of nerve, of purpose and promptness; he would certainly unravel the mystery.

"This man Richard," the doctor asked, "is he a colored man?"

"A mulatto."

"Compos-mentis?"

"A trifle simple minded, I suspect."

"How long has he been with you?"

"Three years."

"Ah!" ejaculated the doctor. "He must be sent away at once."

The servant came into the room, preceded by Miss Branson.

"Did yon fill this glass with water?" the doctor sharply asked.

"Yes, sah," answered the mulatto, a harmless-looking fellow, with high cheek bones and watery eyes.

"Did you drop any needles into it?" asked the doctor.

"Golly, no!" exclaimed the man. "Dar's no needles in it. It's an old cranky notion of Mr. Branson's. He keeps us all on an edge about it.

"Oh, he does?" frowned the doctor. "Well, it is no fancy."

"Dar's no needles in the water," declared the man.

"We'll see," said the doctor, as he thrust the magnetized knife-blade into the glass. "What are these, pray?" indicating a number of dangling needles.

There was someting comical in the way the man's eyes dilated.

"Dey is needles, sah, sure as you live!" he exclaimed. "Dey must jist been in the cooler. I didn't put 'em in; I swear I didn't sah!"

"Your services here end with today!" the doctor sternly said. "If there is any money due you Mr. Branson will pay it."

A dumb-founded look settled upon the servant's face, and he was about to protest with vehemence when Mr. Branson sternly seconded the doctor's order.

"I owe you a week's wages, which Kate will pay you at once," he said. "Now go and be thankful I didn't have you up before a magistrate."

The man bestowed a fierce, angry glance upon the doctor, and then slowly and sullenly left the room.

Mr. Branson and the doctor conversed for an hour upon various topics. The old gentleman was wonderfully pleased with him, and cordial in his invitation to him to call again.

Miss Branson accompanied the doctor to the door.

"Your father is cured," he said.

"Do you think so?" she asked, her handsome eyes on his face. "We will wait a week. That was an admirable ruse. Take this, please; it is simply a remembrance."

A roll of something was placed in his hand.

"Thank you!" he gratefully said.

"You were rather hard on Richard," reminded Miss Branson, with a smile.

"I wronged him," admitted the doctor. "But—I had to assail some one. Can you explain the matter to him, and procure him a situation elsewhere?"

"I will try," she replied.

The doctor bowed, and then hurried back to his office. He paid the debts that annoyed him most, and felt like another man. At the end of the week he received a second voluntary fee from his fair friend.

The tide turned; patients called on him or sent for him; his practice became assured; he was soon on the high road to competency.

He became a frequent visitor at the house of Mr. Branson, and finally married the fair, dark-eyed young girl who had brought him his first case.

Without a River.

New Orleans is in danger of being left without a river. The Atchafalaya, which is in fact a mouth of the great river, is enlarging very fast, and at a constantly increasing rate. It was at some not very distant day the mouth of the Red river, and now leaves the Mississippi just below where the Red tributary comes in. It runs southwesterly to the Gulf by a route hundreds of miles shorter than that of the Mississippi itself, and of course through the same spongy soil. It runs much faster than the main stream, and as it cuts out, the channel gets more and more water. Already it takes the whole of the Red River current, with a considerable part of the Mississippi, and in its course is cutting away levees and plantations and causing a great deal of loss. The mischief began in 1840, when an old protecting raft was taken away, but was comparatively slow until within the last few years. There is no reason why the whole Mississippi should not take the Atchafalaya unless the washing out is artificially stopped.

Wealth is not always fortune.

Scene in the Yosemite.

Descending into the Yosemite Valley last June was a scene ever to be remembered. In canyon after canyon roared mountain torrents from the melting of the snows, coming from elevations of 2,000 or 3,000 feet overhead, tearing in enormous volumes of white foam down the ravines and over sheer precipices from 300 to 500 feet high, crossing the road in streams from ten to thirty feet, wide and mid-leg deep, plunging over the road wall only to lose themselves to the sight and hearing in the Merced River, far below.

Never in the history of Yosemite since its occupancy by white people has the water been higher than during the past June, and at no time has the flood lasted so long. Coming into the valley by the Mariposa road, generally the first fall of any note seen is the Bridal Veil, but this year there are several that deserved the title and dignity of waterfall, notably the first one, known as the Inspiration Fall, sometimes jocosely termed the Widow's Lament, as being opposite the Virgin's Tears, also as an old stage-driver very dryly remarked to a querist: "Because it dries up inside of two months." This fall the past season was of an unusually large volume, suggesting a double dose of grief—and snow. Other falls and cascades, varying in length from 2,000 to 3,300 feet, were to be seen before arriving in the vicinity of the Bridal Veil. This was by far the grandest mass of water in the valley in June. It was fully eight feet wide at the top, and appeared to the eye to stand up at its outside edges fully eight to ten feet above the lip of the wall. It was of a muddy color for some three hundred feet and the remainder of the wall was of the most dazzling white. It struck the rocks below with a reverberation like thunder and fell in so solid a mass as to utterly defy the power of the wind to break or blow its volume to either side. At the foot the spray was projected out in a vast jet for some four hundred feet, resembling a gigantic stream from a fire engine. Over and enveloping all was a dense mist and steam-like cloud, rising sometimes nearly to the top of the fall. Persons passing by this Fall on the road which goes by its base at a distance of nearly a quarter of a mile, were instantly saluted by a shower of rain, vying with any of our Winter storms, for a distance of 800 yards, and unless one was inside of the coach or well wrapped up on the outside, he was speedily wet through. It is seldom the Bridal Veil attains such majestic proportions, being fully as large as the Nevada or Vernal Fall ever gets to be. Its width the past season was so great that it no longer appeared high, and instead of appearing to be 900 feet high, it was seemingly not over 400 feet. Approaching the Sentinel Rock, the Sentinel Fall, or Loya, made its presence manifest by its deafening clatter and hiss. This cascade, being a series of falls for 3,700 feet, it was of great volume, its last plunge of 500 feet being extremely beautiful, the wind in the afternoon blowing the jet so as to display the 'rocket' forms in great beauty. A little above this point, or further up the valley, could be seen eight waterfalls at once, and, as the valley represents an area of view at this place of one and one-half miles in width and some four miles long, it will readily be understood that they must have been of considerable magnitude to be seen at all. The great Yosemite was a giant, thundering mass, falling in great spurts of foam, overlapping each other and piling up in great volumes of snowlike vapor at the base of each of the three falls. The canyon of the Yosemite was, in fact, almost hidden with vapor and steam for nearly a fortnight. It was next to impossible to get up the ladders at the Vernal Falls or to descend that way, one being in some danger of suffocation from the vast mass of mist at the foot of the Nevada Fall, and at Snow's at the foot of Nevada Fall, all of the doors and windows on the front and east sides of the hotel were kept tightly closed for nearly three weeks on account of the beating of the spray of the Nevada Fall. The water dripped from the eaves in a perpetual rain stream and the whole vicinity was constantly deluged, as in a heavy shower, although the house is over a quarter of a mile from the foot of the falls.

Heraldry.

In 1066 William the Conqueror bestowed on all his captains the title baronet, or little baron, meaning a brave officer. King James I. created two hundred Englishmen baronets, as a means of revenue. Each man agreed to maintain thirty soldiers for three years at eight pence a day to quell insurrection in Ireland. The cost of maintaining this quota of men and the fees attached amounted to £1,200, which was afterwards the stated price of obtaining from the King the grant of a coat of arms. When the Knight had won the right to a device upon his shield he could take what he chose, provided that he did not take a device that was already appropriated. As in those days there was little communication from place to place, it sometime happened that several individuals had the same device. From this arose disputes that were settled by single combat, where might made right.

In 1483 the Heralds' College was founded by a charter from Richard III. The college had fourteen officers, whose business it was to examine heraldic signs of those who used them, and once in thirty years they made heralds' visitations to confirm or condemn the use of arms. The Heralds' Court after a time found it difficult to enforce these laws and penalties, and the visitations were abandoned in the reign of James II., but their records are considered the best authority and are often referred to. The chief officer in the Heralds' College in Scotland is called the Lord Lyon of Scotland. He is empowered by statute to asign arms to all virtuous and well-deserving persons on their application, whether they belong to families already possessing them or not. This is the tone of the law at one time, at another the statute says the chief officer of Heralds' College is empowered to imprison during his pleasure such as assume arms improperly, and those who have assumed the arms of another must pay £100 to the Lord Lyon and his officers or be prosecuted for felony, while all goods upon which are found arms not their own are confiscated to the King.

The signets of the ancients suggested the armorial bearings. The seal was issued when men could not write their names, and now we call the writer's name the signature. The seal was attached to royal deeds until the time of Richard II. In those days the common people affixed their mark or a cross, which they regarded as sacred. The commercial class used a signet having two hands united, the emblem of faith, for the goddess of faith was supposed to preside over bargains and promises where the two parties shook hands as a conclusion. And how came the handshake into fashion? In days when no man knew who was friend or foe, the open hand extended showed it did not hold concealed a dagger.

When the heavy military armor went out of date it became the fashion to ornament the finest household furniture with the coat of arms. It was put on the outside of the palace, on plate, on carriages, on courts of justice, on coins, on seals and on monuments, on the latter first in 1144. The funeral escutcheon was displayed at the death of the head of a family. Around the sides of the shield were arranged sixteen arms of the families from which the deceased was descended—if all these bore arms his gentility was complete—on the four corners of the shield were more heads, the initial of his name or titles, and the black interstices were powdered with tears.

The heralds used to attend the funerals of the nobility and gentry, until about 1688, now they attend only those of the royal family, or of illustrious men, whose funerals are conducted at public expense.

The plumes and feathers in the funeral pageants of to-day are in place of helmets of former times. The United States is indebted for the stars and stripes to the arms of George Washington.

Horace says it is a pleasant thing to be pointed at in a crowd and hear people ask, who is he? Since the days of heraldry other titles and honors have arisen. In France it is honor to be a member of the Academy; this is to have a right, equal to a seat in the House of Peers, says Jules Janin. It seems to the Frenchman admirable to form a class of those who live by their highest intelligence and to proclaim them honorable!

It has been said of us Americans that every man had a military title; he was captain, major, general, commodore; or in the professions: doctor, professor, bishop, president. These accusations we do not hear so often, but to-day we are accused of a leaning toward coats of arms. The Englishman says: "It shows how deeply the passion for outward distinction is implanted in human nature, when we find people in countries like the United States, where all differences in rank are theoretically given up, assuming heraldic devices, each man at his own hand. In many families the old silver, embossed with coat of arms, has been melted over and manufactured into modern articles. The seals have been lost, the carved furniture broken and destroyed, but as every year adds to our age and dignity we come to have a past and to value it, we hunt up the old coats of arms, and every man who chooses to do so assumes the one that belonged to the ancestor of his name, no matter how far removed; in this he pays respect to his ancestry and dignifies himself.

Midnight in Marseilles' Cemetery.

Late at night, says a traveler, I drove with my courier outside the city to the cemetery, St. Pierre, to see the burial of three cholera patients whom I had observed in the Pharo Hospital in the afternoon. The route led through the poor quarter, and at every corner bonfires were blazing to purify the air. The whole population was sitting out on the steps of tenements or on church porches enjoying the fires and the currents of air created by them. The country road beyond the barriers brought us to the gates of the cemetery, when the polite concierge, who was politer still for 5f., led us walking down a spacious road, lighted here and there by lanterns lying on the ground, to a place just back from where we had been and where the night's burials were to take place. Soon the first of the hearses appeared; then followed the others. After a brief burial service, intoned by a pale young priest, who looked badly scared, three boxes were hurriedly lowered into a trench eight feet deep by twenty feet long, and a goodly quantity of lime shoveled on top. It was a ghastly trench, and there was plenty of room for more coffins. It was a weird and saddening sight. There stood the blanch-faced priest, intent on his holy calling, surrounded by a gang of swart, bare-chested, brigandish-looking laborers, who bore the somber coffins. For a background there stood the tall white houses. The dead still wore their tawdry trinkets, and the whole was lighted up as in a picture by Rembrandt by the fitful glare of three lanterns. Those gaping trenches were big enough to hold their thousands. A concierge showed me a burial permit. Across the face of the document was written "Cholera—urgent," and there was a requisition for some disinfectant. I went back to the central part of the city, and it was gay enough. Bands were playing and cafe lamps were gleaming. People in throngs were walking in the streets laughing merrily and many heads were poked out of the windows of the houses. It was hard for me to believe that I had just visited the hospitals, and had witnessed death, or that the terrible scenes at the cemetery were realities and not mere phantasms of my imagination.

According to Mr. Graham, recounting his experiences of mountaineering in the Himalayas to the Royal Geographical Society, especially with reference to his ascent of a peak 23,700 feet above the sea, neither in that nor any other ascent did he feel any inconvenience in breathing, or experience any nausea, or bleeding at the nose, or temporary loss of sight and hearing, but the motion of the heart was perceptibly affected, as its beating became audible and its rate was decidedly increased.

FOOD FOR THOUGHT.

Better to go to bed supperless than to get up in debt.

A man may love his house, and yet not ride on its ridge.

Almost the best rule of life is to be worthy of one's self.

The most manifest sign of wisdom is continued cheerfulness.

Ungraciousness is wholly opposed to all ideas of good breeding.

He getteth a great deal of credit who payeth but a small debt.

Industry has annexed thereto the fairest fruits and the richest rewards.

It is a great mistake to avoid actual duties while planning imaginary ones.

It is not when we are most pleased with ourselves that we please God the most.

Earnestness is one part of eloquence. We persuade others by being in earnest ourselves.

We find many things to which the prohibition of them constitutes the only temptation.

Every morning let a reasonable day's work be contrived, and when it is accomplished, stop.

Let no man complain of the shortness of life until he has measured the full capacity of a day.

Don't think you know everything; don't forget that other people have rights as well as you.

Laws are like cobwebs, which may catch small flies, but let wasps and hornets break through.

A weak mind is like a microscope, which magnifies trifling things, but cannot receive great ones.

Many men are mere warehouses full of merchandise—the heart and the head are stuffed with goods.

He who climbs above the cares of this world, and turns his face to God, has found the sunny side of life.

Keep your temper, keep your purse, and keep thy tongue, if thou wouldst be healthy, wealthy and wise.

Men can by no possibility become female clerks, but there is nothing to prevent women becoming mail clerks.

The reason why bankers are so apt to prosper is because they always take so much "interest" in their business.

Purity, sincerity, obedience, and self-surrender—these are the marble steps that lead to the spiritual temple.

A subscriber advertises for "A plain girl to cook." He probably was afraid he would be hung if he cooked a pretty girl.

Value no man for his opinion; but esteem him according as his life's corresponds with the rules of piety and justice.

We may read, and read and read again, and still find something new, something to please and something to instruct.

Do not philosophize over the contradictions which beset you: do not dwell upon them, but strive to see good in all things.

Genuine firmness of mind consists greatly in an habitual recollection of our own moderate powers and acquirements.

When a high-minded man takes pains to atone for his injustice, his kindness of heart shows in the best and purest light.

One clear and distinct idea is worth a world of mistry ones. Gain one clear, distinct truth, and it becomes a centre of light.

Every joy that life gives must be earned ere it is secured; and how hardly earned those only knew who have wrestled for great prizes.

The only way to make the mass of mankind see the beauty of justice is by showing them, in pretty plain terms, the consequence of injustice.

Method in everything is incalculably valuable. It promotes comfort. It saves a large expenditure of time. It avoids numberless inconveniences.

We must look downward as well as upward in human life. Though many may have passed you in the race, there are many you have left behind.

Our great want in social life is a deep and wide sympathy. This is it which enables us to see with another's vision, and to appreciate another's instincts.

There are many and various ways of becoming a man of mark: but the easiest and most effectual way is to lean up against some newly-painted railings.

Simple emotion will not suffice to elevate the character or improve the life. There must be strength of will power or self-denial, persevering effort.

Good resolutions are often like loosely-tied cord—on the first strain of temptation they slip. They should certainly be tied in a hard knot of prayer.

Heaven is your proper home. Point your course to that glorious and happy world; and let every step which you take here advance you towards immortal life.

The mother's yearning, that completest type of the life which is the essence of human love, feels the presence of the cherished child even in the base, degraded man.

The past is disclosed, the future concealed in doubt. And yet human nature is heedless of the past, and fearful of the future—regarding not the science and experience that past ages have unveiled.

That man is never happy for the present is so true that all his relief from unhappiness is only forgetting himself for a little while. Life is a progress from want to want, not from enjoyment to enjoyment.

All successful men have agreed in one thing—they were causationists. They believed that things went not by luck, but by law. Belief in compensation, or that nothing is got for nothing, characterizes all valuable minds.

Good fortune and bad are equally necessary to man to fit him to meet the contingencies of life. Few men who have not experienced the vicissitudes of fortune know how to bear them with firmness or are fit to meet them.

"LITTLE SONG, LOVE."

Then sing the song we loved, love,
When all life seemed one song;
For life is uone too long, love,
Ah, love is none too long.

And when above my grave, love,
Some day the grass grows strong,
Then sing that song we loved, love;
Love, just that one sweet song.

So when they bid you sing, love,
And thrill the joyous throng,
Then sing the song we loved, love;
Love, just that one sweet song.

MONA.

"What a sad face Aunt Mona has, mamma! Her eyes are the sweetest I have ever seen, but they seem very wells of saddening thought. Has she suffered very much, mamma? and was it sorrow that turned her hair so white?"

Mrs. Fanshaw allowed her eyes to wander out through the open window and linger a moment on her sister's figure, as it was outlined against the evening sky, before she answered. She noticed how frail it was, how dainty in its plain black robe, with white lace at neck and wrists. And a tender light went over her face, which was not simply the light of love, but had a touch of reverence added to it.

"She is still beautiful, is she not, Leola? If she has met with much grief it has not entirely blasted a beauty about which a nation once nearly went wild, has it?"

"Did a nation go wild over Aunt Mona?" Leola asked increduluosly.

"She was the belle of Paris twenty years ago," the elder lady answered.

"Mamma, there is a romance in her life. Please tell it to me. I know Aunt Mona had some reason for never marrying, and I don't see why you have not told me. Had she a false lover, or a proud lover, who would not give his fine old name to a foreigner? Oh, I do want to know what has kept a beautiful, educated, refined, womanly woman like Aunt Mona from becoming a wife. She would be such a sweet wife, mamma!"

"So a man thought, who laid heart and name and fortune—a large one—at her feet, a month after our arrival in the city, and when he had but seen her half a dozen times," Mrs. Fanshaw said slowly.

"This gentleman—a Frenchman of good family and very handsome, very agreeable, very polished in his manners, and the heir to wealth—was named Leopold Cartier, and fron the hour in which he first saw Mona he loved her with the unreasoning, passionate impetuous love of a thorongh Frenchman, and Mona caring nothing for him, out of pure love of admiration, rather led him on, laughing often at her troublesome toy.

"She scarcely flirted with him, and yet she did not at once discourage him; and wherever our party would go, there would Leopold follow; and, although she rejected him when she had scarcely known him a month, yet he followed us as though he but lived in the presence of my sister, and his infatuation was to be excused, for Mona was in the flower of her youth—a dainty, lovely, dazzling girl, whose heart was as light as a zephyr, and whose eyes had sparkles and flashes beyond the jewels with which papa loved to deck her. Mona was the youngest, and our father's favorite, but we loved her too well to be jealous of her, in that or anything else. We made a sort of idol of our sweet, dainty Mona, and when her terrible grief came, it struck each of us heavily, because it was so far beyond our power to spare or save her from it."

"Then I was right mamma? Aunt Mona has suffered greatly?"

"As few suffer, and all innocently, child; I will tell you. We had known Leopold about two months, and, although Mona had many suitors, none were so persistent as he, none less cared for by her; and then there was a grand ball, given by one of the leaders of Parisian society, to which we all went; I was a bride, and wore a pretty costume of rose-colored tissue, with white roses scattered over it; I remember that your papa kissed me as I went down, and told me I looked like a flower; but Mona! she was then in her twentieth year, and more than beautiful; she is beautiful still, although 40, and with hair that has become white as silver. Her dress was a topaz-tinted satin, with frostings of white lace, and she had put garnets in her ears, about her throat, and on her white arms; and it was a unique combination of color, but her piquant beauty was enhanced by it; she wore a crimson flower—a fatal cluster of red buds—in her dark hair. I will never forget how my heart thrilled as she descended the stairs and I looked up at her; I will never forget how fair she was, as we entered the ball-room, I on the arm of my husband, she on papa's, and papa was so proud of her as he saw what a sensation she made—so proud of her when she bent her head in perfect composure on being presented to the young French Marquis, who was the lion of the evening.

"For the Marquis, he was fascinated by her. He forgot everything and everyone for her. For the whole evening he was her cavalier, and she took his attentions as might a young Queen—gracefully, carelessly, with light, girlish laughter.

"Leopold was there, and I felt deeply for the poor fellow. He could not get near her. She was engaged for a dance to him, but he found it impossible to reach her to claim it, and at last he gave up trying and came to me. I saw how white his face was and how his eyes flashed, and I felt deeply for him.

"Laying my hand on his arm, I whispered that I would speak to Mona, and at that unlucky moment both he and I looked toward her as she listened to the earnest conversation of the Marquis, a smile of girlish amusement on her lips, and I felt them quiver upon it. Then he dropped it and turned away, leaving the ball, but his fine face was white as death.

"I spoke to Mona, but she only lifted her brows and laughed; and the Marquis was her escort to the carriage when we left in the small hours. As he put her in, the flowers fell from her hair and lay directly at his feet. He lifted the crimson buds, which had commenced to wither, and pressed them to his lips, then, with very French empressement, asked if he might retain them. Mona lay back among the cushions, just where a flood of light reached her from the great ball and her beautiful face was serenely careless.

"Now that you have kissed them I will not claim them Monsieur le Marquis," she said, laughingly; and in the middle of a very gallant expression of rapture on the part of the gentleman, we drove on, leaving him standing in all his blonde, graceful, well-dressed manhood where the lights fell on him; and I alone saw a figure stride out from the shadows toward him, as we were borne swiftly toward our hotel, and I fancied, with a thrill of apprehension, that I recognized Leopold Cartier, and that his face was ghastly.

"The Marquis had made an engagement to call on us the following day, and Mona sang a sweet, ringing melody as she was being dressed to receive him. I heard her from my room, and that was the last gay song that ever lay upon her lips.

"She was before her mirror still when a letter was handed to her, and with musical words yet on her lips she broke the seal. A smile came about them as she read the first few lines. Ere she had read the brief note to its close they were white as death.

"'Oh, Heaven be merciful!' She cried; and I wondered what news had come which could so move her. The next moment she had fallen at my feet, cold and white, and I thought her dead. An hour after and she was lying on her couch, moaning and sobbing, her fair face convulsed, her hands clasping and unclasping, and it was long before she could tell us what had happened.

The Marquis had written her that before keeping his appointment with her, he found himself obliged to fight a duel with an insolent fellow, who had come up the moment her carriage had been driven off and taken the buds from his hands; he—the Marquis—had struck the insolent fellow before recognizing him; then he had seen that it was one whom he had met— a Monsieur Leopold Cartier,

There had been, of course, a challenge, which was accepted. The small matter would be settled at 3 that day, and would probably oblige him to delay his call on Mademoiselle, which was his only regret; would she hold him pardoned, and allow him to pay his respects to her a little later than the hour she had named for receiving?

"'Horrible,' I thought, unaccustomed to the customs then prevailing in France, 'how coldly he disposes of our poor Leopold!' but there was nothing to be done but wait and hope they might not fatally injure each other.

"The hours went on slowly as hours of waiting always do, and the sun was setting, when a card was brought Mona. She held out her hand for it, then drew it back and raised it above her eyes. I felt the tremor creep over my own heart as I took it from the servant and dismissed her before daring to look at it; when I saw the name a sort of terror came to me, and I cried out 'Mona, it is the Marquis Valliers! He has slain Leopold!'

"And Mona, without a single word, fell once more in a dead faint.

"The Marquis was told that Madamoiselle was ill, and that Madame could not leave her, and we never saw his fair French face again; for, when the papers of the following day gave an account of the affair d'honneur, in which the Marquis had fatally wounded Monsieur Cartier, Mona went to where Leopold lay dying."

"Then she loved him, mamma?" Leola asked

"I have never been quite sure. But while the Marquis quietly took a trip beyond the French confines, she watched him—Leopold—die. Then, when we had seen him buried, we said farewell to France and returned to America. Mona was sadly changed.

"Still beautiful, she seemed to have forgotton her old smiling gayety, and her eyes had caught that deep sadness. She had kept love from her life, and her youth had gone from her while she remained here, in the home our father had left her. Her hair, which was silken and black as night, has turned to whiteness. It was white, as you know, before she was thirty. I was never sure that it was love for Leopold that so changed her, or whether it might not be the certainty that she had cost him his life through his great impetuous love for her, which made her shrink from the love of men. I know that the Marquis received our address, and sent her a number of letters, begging her acceptance of his hand, his heart, his title; and I know that she wrote him shudderingly that there was blood on the hand, murder in the heart, a stain on the title.

"He has long been married, but Mona never will be a wife, and you know why; she is silent in her sorrow, and we hardly comprehend, but we always respect it."

What Actresses Eat.

Mrs. Coghlan the leading lady of Wallack's Theatre, receives a liberal salary, about $300 a week, I believe, and she resides permanently in New York. She has no hotel or traveling expenses to encounter, and is enabled to run her establishment at an even expense all the year around. She has a man cook, a coachman, a maid and a general servant, and her dinners are superb. She breakfasts about 11 and dines about 6, after her daily drive in the park. I never heard that she had a liking for any particular dish, but I distinctly remember the delight she evinced once when I was talking with her over the approach of the oyster season.

"Sara Jewett is quite the opposite of Miss Coghlan. She is very domestic in her tastes, lives quietly, is seldom to be seen in a public restaurant and sticks to the good old American dinner with patriotic allegiance.

"Kate Forsythe, who also lives very quietly with her mother in a flat up town when she is in the city, eats late suppers, quite often at the restaurants, and has a fondness for nibbling candies and sweet meats at all hours. The same is true of Sadie Martinot, who, however is rather a more fastidious eater than Miss Forsythe. I have seen her very often at Delmonico's and it is by no means unusual to see Modjeska there when that actress is in New York. Modjeska's tendencies, however are toward a quiet like, and when she is in town she usually stops at the Clarendon, where her rooms are almost inaccessible. She seldom eats in the public restaurant there, and it is said that her luncheons and breakfasts are models for a dainty appetite.

"Janauscheck, who is, I believe more thoroughly devoted to her art than any other actress I know, seldom goes to the large hotels and is not often seen in public restaurants. She pays more than $100 a week for a suite of three rooms in a private boarding-house in Fourteenth street. Here she studies constantly, rehearses her people occasionally, and devotes her time to preparation for her work on the stage. Her meals are plain and served with great regularity in her rooms, She seems to be entirely without the love of admiration which actresses often evince in private life as well as on the stage."

"Are there any special dishes which any of the actresses you know are fond of?"

"About the only dish they are all sure of accepting," said the manager smilingly. "is a glass. Champagne is quite as grateful to an exhausted actress as it is to an athlete. It is a drink that is frequently given to men who are engaged in long athletic struggles, you know, as it refreshes without leaving any after effects of sprits. After an actress has gone through a hard night's work in an emotional play a glass of champagne brings her nerves down from the high-strung point."

Extraordinary Comets.

During the last four years some extraordinary comets have paid visits to the ruler of the solar system, and displayed their dazzling trains to the admiration of his attendant worlds. Every one of these comets has been remarkable for some unusual or unaccountable conduct. The big comet of 1881 suddenly flirted its streaming tail into the northern hemisphere unannounced and unexpected, and surprised the astronomers at their pumps. The comet of 1882 amazed the world by suddenly appearing at broad noon close to the sun, where it soared like a fiery bird with broad wings expanded; as it retreated from the solar system it appeared to be chased by a bevy of little comets to which it had apparently given birth during the terrors of its plunge through the sun. In 1883 the comet of 1812 reappeared. But the most extraordinary comet of all is the one which was discovered at the Vienna observatory about a month ago. It seems to have been clearly seen, for the observers carefully measured its position among the stars, and it was believed from its place and motions that it was one of the comets of 1858 returning. But after thus showing itself the comet disappeared, and although a battery of telescopes has been brought to bear upon the spot where it appeared from nearly every observatory in Europe, not a glimpse of the mysterious visitor from the realms of outer space has been caught.

Experiments by Dr. Pehl of St. Petersburg go to support the theory that the waters of rivers are purified by the motion (mass or molecular) imparted to the liquid. Bringing water into rapid motions by means of the centrifugal machine the number of developing germs of bacteria was reduced by 90 per cent.

Beauties of Nature.

Russia presents no beauties of nature except in the Ural mountains and on the Cancasus. The country along the great railroad lines is as mototonous as a western prairie, but less fertile. The cities of St. Petersburg, Moscow, Warsaw, Kief and Odessa, especially the first two, contain all that is interesting to a traveler. St. Petersburg represents new Russia, Moscow old Russia. The principal sights in both are palaces and fine churches. These are filled to overflowing with treasures of silver and gold and precious jewels. The winter palace and hermitage at St. Petersburg, the summer palace at Peterhof, the palaces of the Kremlin in Moscow are bewildering and oppressive by the treasures which unlimited power, have accumulated for centuries. The churches, too. are over-loaded with precious and glittering gold. The finest churches are St. Isaac's in St. Petersburg, built by Nicholas I, the church of the Lady of Kazan, modeled after St. Peter's in Rome, and the church of the Redeemer in Moscow, built in commemoration of the deliverance from the French in 1812, completed and consecrated in 1883 at enormous cost. The churches are crowded at the time of worship. The Russians are a very religious people in the observance of outward forms. Their religion consists chiefly in lighting candles, blessing holy images, bowing to the floor and making the sign of the cross over and over again. The worship of the Virgin Mary and of saints is carried fully as far and even farther than in the Roman church. Holy images are found not only in the churches, but in houses on, public places, in railway stations and telegraph offices, and no devout Russian passes them without bowing and making the sign of the cross. The chief service is the mass, which is performed with more mystery and dramatic display than in the church of Rome. The singing is beautiful, but confined to the priests, deacons and trained choristers: the people listen passively. The ever-repeated response, the Kyrie Eleison or Lord, have mercy upon, us is exceedingly touching and will long resound in my memory.

Locks and Keys.

One of the liveliest examples of the total depravity of inanimate objects is found in the generally evil and impish behavior of locks and keys. We do not, to be sure, in this country subject ourselves to such a tyranny of keys as do our transatlantic neighbors. The jingling basket or bunch of keys is not with us the indispensable accompaniment to the housekeeper, nor do we have the tiny padlock on our silver sugarbowls, as is the case with a certain thrifty baroness with thirty servants under her control. We do, however have keys for certain purposes; that is to say, we have them unless they are lost. Keys are usually lost. There is about the very shape and material of keys a peculiar elusiveness and slippery faculty of hiding in unheard of places. The folds of gowns, the lining of muffs, bags and pockets, the edges of rugs and earpets, cracks in the floor and chinks of any and every sort, are the well-beloved hiding places of the slippery gnome called key. That devouring space in the back of a lounge or upolstered chair is particularly dear to the heart of a key as a place of concealment, and many are the keys, big and little, which have found their Nirvana in these useful depths. For the true and holy delight of a key is undoubtedly to be able to lose itself totally and hopelessly, and yet all the while to lie *perdu* so near the outer world that it can listen with fiendish joy to the agonized search for itself, and shake its shoulders with glee at the vanity of the quest.

It was the wife of the keeper of an orthodox boarding house in the West who was kneeling at morning family prayers with her head devotedly bent upon a lounge, and at the instant that her worthy husband's "amen" was pronounced sprang to her feet, exclaiming vivaciously.

"There, Mr. Brown, *there* is the key of the cellor door. I *knew* I lost it somewhere about this lounge."

Fancy the genuine disappointment of that key, which had been lying chuckling while the family sought it in vain, at being thus ignominiously brought to light, and that, too, by the hand of the housewife, who should have been thinking of other things than searching the crack of a lounge.

Keys, however, although usually, are not always lost. Sometimes one really does keep a key and then myriad indeed are the bewildering combinations of vexation which can be produced by a lock and key which are really giving their minds to it.

A favorite trick is for one's ordinary, every day lock, the lock of a desk or drawer in constant use, to suddenly become intractable. One can put in the key, but the lock refuses to turn; then the key refuses to come out of the keyhole; one twists and turns and wrenches; one tries a drop of oil, a soupcon of profanity, all to no purpose; suddenly with an alarming snap the key consents to turn in the lock; nay, more, it will keep on turning indefinitely round and round without the slightest effect as far as unlocking is concerned. One turns it furiously, one pushes it in slowly, one tries to draw it out with a sudden jerk, one breaks one's nails picking at it. At last the key comes out with a suddenness which sends one violently backwards. Then the family is summoned.

"Do come and see if you can do anything with this abominable lock. It must surely be broken."

The doubting member of the family smiles incredulously and takes the key. It fits into the key-hole and the lock gives way without a murmur.

"I *thought* there was nothing the matter with the *key*," says the doubting member, throwing an unpleasing emphasis on "key." It is quite useless to insist that it did refuse to turn; nobody believes it, and the key quivers with delight and the lock thrills with a joy known only to the successful practical joker.

Again, who does not know the awful vagaries of which a trunk lock is capable? The refusal to catch when the trunk is packed; the refusal to turn when one stands by impatiently waiting the inspection of the government official.

Once more, who ever locked with especially caution a door or box against some intruder that he was not himself the first person to wish an entrance, and invarably was without the key?

Latch-keys and locks, too, are subject to the most bewildering changes. The key-hole of a latch-key has been known late at night to slip up and down the door with a rapidity calculated to bewilder the brain of the most steady and sober-minded citizen striving to gain admittance to his home.

All these various examples, however, of the iniquity which is capable of dwelling in locks and keys only prove what may have been before stated, that an impish and tricky soul dwells in each lock and key, and these two are never so truly happy as when, seperately or in evil combination, they are able successfully to vex a frail human being so that "every part of him quivers,

Lucifer Matches.

According to a German paper, the inventor of lucifer matches was a political prisoner who perfected his idea in 1833, within the walls of a State prison. Kammerer was a native of Ludwigsburg, and when sentenced to six months' imprisonment at Hohenaspeg, he was fortunate enough to attract the notice and gain the favor of on old officer in charge of the prison, who finding he was studying chemistry, allowed him to arrange a small laboratory in his cell. Kammerer had been engaged in researches with a view of improving the steeping system, according to which splinters of wood, with sulphur at the ends, were dipped into a chemical fluid in order to produce a flame. If the fluid was fresh the result was satisfactory, but as it lost its virtue after a time, there was no general disposition to continue the old-fashioned system of using flint and steel. After many failures, Kammerer began to experiment with phosphorus, and had almost completed his term of imprisonment when he discovered the right mixture and kindled a match by rubbing it against the walls of his cell. On coming out of prison he commenced the manufacture of matches. Unfortunately, the absence of a patent law prevented his rights from being secured, and, on Austrian and other chemists analyzing the composition, imitations speedily made their appearance. In 1835 the German States prohibited the use of these matches, considering them dangerous. When they were made in England and sent to the Continent these regulations were withdrawn, but too late to be of any benefit to the inventor, who died in the poor house of his native town in 1857.

The American's Endurance of Cold.

Lieutenant Greely is of the opinion that his men, if well provisioned, could not have continued to live at Fort Conger more than five years. The constitution of the average American is not capable of prolonged continuous adjustment to more than zero cold, and such acclimatization could only come about after a series of generations where the law of survival of the fittest should operate, and in correspondence with a radical change in organization, in which nutritive and muscular development should predominate over cerebral development: In other words, nature has shown us in the mentally dwarfed but physically hardy Esquimaux, the types of organization best fitted for living in those septentrional latitudes.

It, however, is no less a matter of fact that the inhabitants of meridional climes admirably adapt themselves temporarily to the most extreme cold. In the retreat from Moscow, in 1812, the Italian regiments stood the cold better than the Germans, and notably better than the Russians, who were accustomed to the climate. The Turks presented the same relative immunity at the seige of Sebastopol. Longet, from whom the facts are taken, remarks that the aptitude to resist inclement temperature is acquired and lost in turn; that people nurtured in temperate or cold climates, who go to the torrid zone to live, are much less sensitive to the cold for a time after their return to their native country, though this lessened susceptibility disappears after a year or two.

Peasant Costumes in England.

To enlighten the mind of a questioner on this subject several contributors have recently sent letters to the editor. One writer says: "When I was a boy the peasant costumes in Durham and Northumberland were quite distinct from the modern dress. The skirt was one garment, the jacket another, generally made of a different material. So in Lancashire, the linsey-woolsey petticoat and the bed-gown of cotton print were never joined together, but were distinct garments. The custom of wearing a shawl or handkerchief on the head instead of a cap or bonnet was also usual."

From a second contributor we quote: "The smock-frock is the only distinctive dress of the male peasant, so far as I know; and where it survives, its color and the pattern of its worked threads show the neighborhood it belongs to. Some neighborhoods wear green, some purple, some grey, some white. But within my own area of observation, at least, the smock-frock is disappearing. In diaries of fifteen or twenty years ago I find it often mentioned that at such a village or in such a country church most of the men wore smocks and now in those very villges, I seldom see a smock.

"So much for the men. As to the woman, things are not quite so bad. I know of my own knowledge at least nine different and widely distant neighborhoods in England, and at least two in Wales, where the peasant women and girls wear a distinct dress; and wear the same dress whether they be young or old. It is true that in every instance the costume is a working dress and is more or less laid aside on Sundays. Still, it is a distinctive dress; and in five out of the eleven cases it distinguishes the women of a given village from all other women. In the other six, the local dress has a wider area of usage. Even in London there are women who daily wear a distinctive peasent dress, and women whose dress bewrays them that they come from Blankshire. And in the country, I have had it said to me over a hedge. 'Do ye want any Blackacre women?' And I knew by her dress that the speaker was herself a Blackacre woman. It is superfluous to add that in every case the local dress is far more picturesque and serviceable than that which may be prescribed by fashion. As to one garment, indeed—namely, the hood bonnet of buff or white or lilac cotton— it is still, thank goodness, the characteristic wear of country women all over England. I have never seen it abroad, except in the Rhineland, near Strasbourg. English peasant girls, foolish and imitative as they often are, have perhaps had the wit to see that this is the most charming head dress in existence."

A third correspondent remarks: "The question asked brought to mind at once the recollection of a well-known character of an old home in Ilminster, Somerset. Molly Bonning wore a gown of blue print, plain skirt, with elbow sleeves; a low body, with kerchief tucked inside; a round eared cap, without any border, and a black silk hat, with a low crown and large round flat border, which was pinned on her head. A red cloak and long staff completed her attire. When sent, as a girl, by my mother, with some gift, I found the old woman seated in her high-backed chair and receiving her visitors with a stately courtesy that is scarcely met with except among the highest rank. In her younger days she had wedded at Dillington Park, close to Ilminster, in the time of Lord North, who married Miss Speke. She was, unfortunately, persuaded in her later years to give up her picturesque costume and adopt the ordinary unmeaning dress of the poorer classes."

Suppression of Freedom.

Russia seems to be making long strides towards the suppression of all freedom. No one can complain greatly that in a country such as that, with the sad experience of the effects of Nihilistic teachings through which it has passed, books and pamphlets teaching socialist theories should be suppressed; but when the Government goes so far as to suppress books relating to political economy, philosophical treatises, and works on history, it enters upon a course that can find no sympathy on this side of the water; and when it closes the University of Kieff, and arrests 200 of its students, the policy of its proceedings becomes very questionable. If there are good and solid reasons for its course in this matter, it is desirable that they should promptly be made known, else the sympathy of the civilized world, which has been largely with Russia in her troubles, will be turned against her. Unnecessarily extreme measures will only return in evil upon their originators.

Lovely flowers are the smiles of God's goodness.

A new process in shot making will do away with the tall towers. A strong current of air is forced on the lead as it falls into the water.

Since 1875 the varying appearances of the surface of Mars have been carfully recorded by Mons. E. L. Trouvelot, the eminent French Astronomer, in 415 drawings of the planet. He has observed variations in color which he attributes to the effect produced upon Martial vegetation by the changes of the seasons.

THE CENTRE REPORTER.

FRED KURTZ, . . . Editor.

CENTRE HALL, PA., Nov. 19, 1884.

ROASTED TO DEATH.

How Seven Men Lost Their Lives.

"For God's sake, men, run for your lives." Such was the startling exclamation of J. Weidman Murray, assistant manager at the furnace of Ferguson, White & Co., at Robesonia, Lebanon Co., the other Thursday afternoon, when its great stack fell, burying seven men within its ruins. It was one of the most horrible calamities that ever befell that beautiful section of the rich and prosperous Lebanon valley, and the fact that the falling stack disaster occurred immediately after the explosion at Stouchsberg inclines many persons to the belief that the dynamite shock so shook the ground and masonry of the furnace as to cause the stack to fall.

Mr. Murray was standing within two feet of the stack when he sounded the note of warning. He saw it waver out of plumb, then go down with a mighty crash, while he ran for his life, for his assistance would have been of no avail.

In order that it may be understood just how the accident happened it is necessary to state that the great iron stack, which was fully thirty feet in diameter, and equally as high, rested on iron columns two to six inches thick. The total height of the concern was eighty feet.

These columns were well rivited and secured with massive bolts. Resting on such a secure foundation, no mishap was ever dreamed of. About a dozen men were inside the stack engaged in relining the same with fire-brick. They had reached the top to within fifteen or sixteen feet.

Scaffolding had been erected all along the sides and some of the men were on the upper tier, while several were at the bottom and receiving material from those above, when the many tons of debris crashed down upon them. Cries for help came from the debris, and half a hundred men ran to the assistance of those underneath the pile. Several were pulled out, when the rescuers were repulsed with a heavy volume of smoke, which drove them back.

The scaffolding caught fire and the men were burned to death. The work-kept a fire in two stoves at the bottom of the stack in order to escape the strong draft pouring up from underneath. The timbers of the scaffolding were set on fire, and besides being buried in a living tomb, the unfortunates met a most horrible end by burning. Seven men lost their lives and seven were badly injured.

ACCIDENT IN PERRY COUNTY.

On Thursday afternoon a steam engine, which was at work in the barn of Daniel Wert, in Jackson township, Perry county, exploded its boiler, instantly killing a young man named David Snyder. He had just come out from dinner and fortunately was the only man near the engine at the time. He was struck on the forehead by a piece of the boiler which split open his head and scattering his brains in various directions. The boiler and smoke stack were thrown clear over the barn. The building was set on fire and was consumed together with many tons of hay, 1,600 bushels of wheat, 1,000 bushels of oats, 1,600 bushels of corn, and farming implements, horse gears, etc. there was an insurance in the North American of Philadelphia, of $1,200 on the building and $500 on the crop.

Mr. Snyder, who was killed, was a son of Simon Snyder, of Jackson township, and aged about 25 years. The boiler fell 400 feet from where it started, alighting on and killing a hog. Three colts were burned, as it was impossible to get them from the burning building.

ECZEMA!

Eczema is one of the ugliest and most troublesome of all blood diseases. It proceeds from humors in the blood which are sometimes very difficult to eradicate. For five years Mr. J. D. Rodefer, of Greendale, Va., suffered terribly from this disease. He writes: "Finding no relief in the many medicines till I used Brown's Iron Bitters, I purchased three bottles; from the use of which I have obtained almost entire relief. I recommend it to every one in my neighborhood for any disorder of the blood and as a general tonic."

CROOKED HUNTINGDON.

There were more counties crooked this time than the one named, but it straddles wider this time than heretofore. While Blaine had 1,000 majority in the county the Democrats elected their Prothonotary by 800 majority, the Treasurer by 250 and McAteer, Democrat for Senator, had 382.

"DEAD-HEAD" EDITORS.

An exchange sets forth the benefits of the editorial profession as follows: One of the beauties and charms of an editor's life is in his "dead-heading" it. No one who has never feasted on the sweets of that bliss can begin to take in the glory of its happiness. He does $100 worth of advertising for a railroad, gets a "pass," rides $25 dollars worth, and then is looked upon as a "dead-head" or a half-blown dead beat. He "puffs" a concert troup ten dollars worth and gets one dollar in complimentaries, and is thus passed "free." If the hall is crowded he is begrudged the room he occupies, for if the complimentaries were paid tickets the troup would be so much in pocket. He blows and puffs a church festival free to any desired extent, and does the poster printing at half rates, and rarely gets a "thank you" for it. It goes as part of his duty as an editor. He does more work-gratuitously for the town and community than all the rest of the population put together, and gets cursed for it all, while in many instances a man who donates a few dollars to a Fourth of July celebration, base ball club, or church is gratefully remembered. Oh, it is a sweet thing to be an editor. He passes "free" you know.

Cold feet—two feet of snow. Bad cold—one settled on the lungs. Good cure Dr. Kessler's Celebrated English Cough Medicine. 2

We are indebted to P. Lorillard & Co., the famous tobacco manufacturers, for a copy of Root & Tinker's newly published plate entitled "Representatives of Professional Base Ball in America" and comprising neatly grouped pictures of eighteen leading players of the League and American Association. The picture is a handsome and interesting one.

HE SOUGHT THE BATTLE.

Among the first confederate troops that went out from Arkansas was Parson Geesmore, who enlisted as a chaplain.

He was a devoted Christian and his prayers were regarded by the men as utterances from a higher power. Just before the battle of Jenkins' Ferry the old man, in a sermon, said:

"My dear boys, I have decided to go into the next fight with you. I don't think a man can properly preach about the evils and sensations of war unless he has experienced the feeling of going into battle. Now, the next fighting we engage in shall have me numbered among its participants."

The old gentleman rode a large gray horse, and when perparations for the battle of Jenkins's Ferry were being made, he appeared on the snowy charger. Some of the officers begged him to keep out of danger, but with an expression of heroism he replied that he would engage in the battle.

The first artillery fire from the enemy shot the horse from under the old gentleman, and by the time he settled himself on his feet a bullet came along and carried off one of his fingers. He attempted to be calm, but just then a bullet carried away the right thumb, and, wheeling around, the old man struck a determined trot for the rear.

"Hold on, parson!" called some one.

"Hold on h—l?" he replied. "Ask a man to hold on when the whole d—d universe is shooting at him! Take care of your body, and the Lord will take care of your soul!"

JAPANESE SHAMPOOING.

On a fine day one can scarcely walk a square in any of the more thickly populated districts of Tokio without hearing the shrill whistle of the blind shampoocer, as with long stick in hand he slowly feels his way, calling out from time to time his fee for a complete shampoo. A system of employment for the blind so suited to their condition, affording as it does fair profit and an abundance of healthful exercise indoor and out, certainly deserves, at least passing notice. Shampooing, or, perhaps, more properly speaking, massage, as practised by these blind men (called amma) consists of a gentle rubbing with the palms of the hands of the surface of the whole body, together with passive exercise of the joints, and a slow kneading of the superficial muscles, more particularly those of the trunk and extremities. The sensation to the subject is usually very pleasant, especially if submitted to after violent or continued exertion, as after a difficult climb or a long walk. Japanese physicians recommend it in *tabes dorsalis* and certain other forms of paralytic disorders, as well as in hysteria and some kinds of headache, in lumbago, and in many other diseases; also in convalescence from diseases in which there has been loss of power or wasting of the muscles. The skill and anatomical knowledge sometimes acquired by these unfortunates is truly wonderful, for, beside a gentle touch and an almost instinctive appreciation of the seat of pain, many of them know all the superficial muscles, and can even tell in what position to insert needles for the cure of certain diseases.

WHAT SHALL IT BE?

The three words commonly applied, in the English language, to the members of the female sex of the animal Man, vary in their significance, "Female" is opprobrious. It refers solely to sex, and is no more applicable to a woman than it is to a cat or a hen. It ought to be expunged entirely from print and conversation, except in cases and places where it is used in contradistinction to male, to express the sex of homo, which is spoken or written about. "Lady" suggests a dainty, delicate creature, possessed of much superficial propriety and pride, perhaps also of culture, but it says nothing of character. Once it was an honorable title, but now that it is commonly applied to every member of the sex who can more or less follow the fashion, it has become lowered without elevating those on whom it is so freely showered. "Woman" is best. The word suggests all that is feminine-human, instead of the feminine only. It brings to mind the "perfect woman, nobly planned, to warm, to comfort, to command" of Wordsworth. It is the true title of man's partner in life, the sharer in his joys and sorrows. Yet if a man calls his wife "woman" the result is not pleasing.

A PEN-PORTRAIT OF OUIDA.

My attention was attracted by a woman some forty years of age, who was gorgeously attired and seemed in her manner to feel that she was somebody and anxious to impress others with that fact. She was tall, well set up, with England's limestone formation in the way of bones, well covered with adipose rather coarse in tissue, garnished with light blue eyes and an abundance of yellow hair. There was something vulgar in this woman's appearance when quiet and it became oppressive when she moved, and that was nearly all the time. She seemed to court observation and at the same time despise it. I was not surprised when a friend told me that this bumptious person was none other than Ouida, the well known novelist.—*Ex.*

Some remarkable cures of deafness are recorded of Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil. Never fails to cure earache.

COUNTRY ROAD MAKING.

It is a matter of universal comment with travellers that country road making in the United States is either a lost art or a to-be-acquired science. The average selectman or road agent of a country town is usually deplorably ignorant of the first principles of making a good road. In England and most of its dependencies the roads are made directly by the state or under its supervision. As a result, the contrast between English roads and those of this country is much in favor of the former. A common and natural mistake of most towns in this country is that an intelligent farmer must necessarily know how to make a good road, but the reverse is the fact. Road making is a subject requiring study and a knowledge of the nature of soils. A well made road even in our climate and with the wide difference in soil ingredients, will last for years, whereas ordinarily the items of repairs on our roads means an entirely changed thoroughfare, the pitch, watersheds and general character being more in the way of experiment than a scientific renovation. The country road maker commences by throwing out the big stones on to the side of the road, retaining the smaller ones, when by thoroughly bedding the big stones the best possible foundation is had, and with a covering of small stones mixed with gravel, or even with good loam carefully harrowed and scraped, a road bed is formed which will defy both rain and heavy teams. Generally the tyro devotes his time to heaping the material in the centre with such a slope as often to interfere with locomotion, and which heap the first heavy team resolves into deep ruts, vitiating its usefulness for any but a similarly heavy team, and for it only with constantly increasing strain on the horses. Yankee ingenuity has invented capital road making tools which need but intelligent application to develop such thoroughfares as would make them admired in place of being a reproach and shame. Our country is rich enough to place the roads in the hands of such government as will insure their perfection instead of leaving them to town officials without the education or experience necessary to an accomplishment of the object.

WORKMEN IN CENTRAL MEXICO.

A carpenter in Central Mexico earns from sixty to seventy-five cents a day; a mason the same; a common day laborer from twenty-five to fifty cents; a farm laborer who works by the month, from two to five dollars a month and "found." They work from daylight to sunset, with half an hour at nine o'clock and again at three, for breakfast and supper. These hours are very long; but they take it easy, stopping every little while to smoke their cigarros, and accomplishing less than an American laborer will in six or seven hours' work. Their earnings are barely sufficient to keep them in food and clothes of the coarsest kind, with an occasional "real" over for the bull fight at Pulke, but they are the happiest people on the face of the earth.

EXTRACTS FROM LETTER.

"In the winter of 1877-8, I was confined to the house 3 or 4 months and to the bed 4 weeks with rheumatism. I could get no relief. I began using Henry and Johnsons' Arnica & Oil Liniment, and in ten days by the use of half a bottle I was cured.

NATHAN JEWETT, East Haddam, Ct."

Baxter's Mandrake Bitters cure all diseases arising from biliousness. N. H. Down's Vegetable Balsamic Elixir cures coughs, colds and consumption. nov

Corrected.

Miss Anna Johnson, of 24 Front street, Columbus, Ohio, says: "I suffered from an aggravated form of constipation and indigestion for several months. My family physician tried all kinds of medicines and pills, but to no effect. I began to think my case was a hopeless one. A friend of mine (Mrs. Elvira Redmond, of East Long street, this city), called, and seeing the condition I was in, recommended me to try your MANALIN. I must say I had but little faith in the medicine, but after I had taken a few doses I was convinced that MANALIN was the medicine for me. After I had taken one bottle I was entirely well of my complaint. I consider it one of the best remedies for constipation I have ever used. I have several friends who are using it. They think it an excellent remedy. I recommend it to all who are afflicted with constipation or indigestion. Any one doubting this statement is invited to call on me at 24 Front street."

Mr. Milton Knotts, Urbana, O., writes: "Last November one year ago I was taken sick, and called in our family physician. He examined me and said I had symptoms of typhoid fever. He gave me medicine for two weeks or more without any relief. I began to think that my days on earth were fast closing in. I saw at once that his medicine would not reach my disease. Just as I was about to conclude that I would have to die, my daughter brought me one of your pamphlets. I noticed a case whose symptoms were like mine, and PERUNA and MANALIN had cured him. I concluded at once to try it. I procured one bottle of PERUNA and one of MANALIN, and took them as directed, and before I had used the two bottles I began to receive strength and gain in flesh. I finished the rest of the two bottles and continued its use until the third bottle was used. When they were used I could eat anything I wanted to and go about my work. I consider that if it hadn't been for your PERUNA I would have been in my grave. Parties wishing information can write me at the above place. I recommend your medicine wherever I go."

Mr. John R. Davis, Moundsville, W. Va., writes: "I have been handling your PERUNA ever since its introduction. All who have used it speak highly of its curative properties. I consider it a reliable remedy."

Mr. George Fisher, Portsmouth, O., writes: "I am handling your PERUNA, and having a good trade on it. It gives splendid satisfaction."

PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD.—(Philadelphia and Erie Division)—on and after May, 11, 1884

WESTWARD.

ERIE MAIL	leaves	Philadelphia	11 20 p m
"	"	Harrisburg	3 30 a m
"	"	Montandon	5 46 a m
"	"	Williamsport	7 25 a m
"	"	Jersey Shore	7 57 a m
"	"	Lock Haven	8 25 a m
"	"	Renovo	9 35 a m
"	arr at	Erie	6 00 p m
NEWS EXPRESS	leaves	Philadelphia	4 30 a m
"	"	Harrisburg	8 10 a m
"	"	Montandon	10 12 a m
"	"	Williamsport	11 45 a m
"	arr at	Lock Haven	12 20 p m
NIAGARA EXP.	leaves	Philadelphia	7 40 a m
"	"	Harrisburg	11 25 a m
"	"	Montandon	1 32 a m
"	arr at	Williamsport	2 35 p m
"	"	Lock Haven	3 55 p m
"	"	Renovo	5 05 p m
"	"	Kane	9 25 p m
Passengers by this train arrive in Bellefonte at			5 05 p m
FAST LINE	leaves	Philadelphia	11 10 a m
"	"	Harrisburg	3 25 p m
"	"	Montandon	5 50 p m
"	"	Williamsport	7 10 p m
"	"	Lock Haven	8 05 p m
"	arr at	Renovo	9 15 p m
(Sunday Train.)			
SUNDAY MAIL	leaves	Philadelphia	4 20 a m
"	"	Harrisburg	7 40 a m
"	"	Montandon	9 37 a m
"	"	Williamsport	10 [illegible] a m
"	"	Lock Haven	11 23 a m
"	arrives	Renovo	12 30 p m

EASTWARD.

SEA SHORE EXP.	leaves	Lock Haven	7 00 a m
"	"	Jersey Shore	7 33 a m
"	"	Williamsport	8 10 a m
"	"	Montandon	9 16 a m
"	arr at	Harrisburg	11 30 a m
"	"	Philadelphia	3 15 p m
DAY EXPRESS	leaves	Kane	6 00 a m
"	"	Renovo	10 05 a m
"	"	Lock Haven	11 15 a m
"	"	Williamsport	12 35 p m
"	"	Montandon	1 36 p m
"	arr at	Harrisburg	3 48 p m
"	"	Philadelphia	7 25 p m
WMP'T AC'N	leaves	Renovo	2 50 p m
"	"	Lock Haven	5 00 p m
"	"	Williamsport	6 35 p m
"	"	Montandon	7 49 p m
"	arrives at	Harrisburg	10 25 p m
"	"	Philadelphia	3 05 a m

Sunday Train—Williamsport Accom'n East runs also on Sundry.

ERIE MAIL	leaves	Erie	2 20 p m
"	"	Renovo	10 40 p m
"	"	Lock Haven	11 45 p m
"	"	Williamsport	1 00 a m
"	"	Montandon	2 05 a m
"	arr at	Harrisburg	4 20 a m
"	"	Philadelphia	7 50 a m

Erie Mail West, Niagara Express West, and Day Express East make close connection at Lock Haven with B. E. V. R. R. Trains.

Erie Mail East and West connect at Erie with trains on L. S. & M. S. R. R.; at Corry with B. P & W. R R; at Emporium with B., N. Y. & P. R. R., and at Driftwood with A. V. R. R.

CHAS. E. PUGH, Gen'l Manager.
J. R. WOOD, Gen'l Passager' Agent

LEWISBURG AND TYRONE RAILROAD TIME TABLE. IN EFFECT NOV. 17, 1884.

Daily Except Sunday.

Leave Westward.

	1	3	5	7	9
	A.M.	A.M.	A.M.	P.M.	P.M.
Montandon	5.50	9.20	10.20	1.45	5.55
Lewisburg, ar.	6.00	9.30	10.35	2.00	6.10
Lewisburg, lv.	7.25		10.35	2.15	
Fair Ground	7.30		10.40	2.20	
Biehl	7.40		10.51	2.30	
Vicksburg	7.45		11.00	2.36	
Mifflinburg	8.00ar.		11.20	2.50	
Mifflinburg, lv	8.00			le3.00	
Milmont	8.22			3.28	
Laurelton	8.33			3.40	
Coburn	9.48			5.00	
Rising Spring	10.15			5.30	
Centre Hall	10.39				
Linden Hall	11.00 arrive				
Oak Hall	11.10 arrive				

Leave Eastward.

	2	4	6	8	10
		A.M.			P.M.
Oak Hall					1.00
Linden Hall					1.08
Centre Hall					1.28
Rising Spring		5.50			1.50
Coburn		6.18			2.20
Laurelton		7.30			3.40
Milmont		7.40			3.52
Mifflinburg, ar.		8.00	A.M.	P.M.	4.13
Mifflinburg, lv.		8.00		12.10	4.18
Vicksburg		8.15		12.26	4.2[illegible]
Biehl		8.20		12.34	4.34
Fair Ground		8.30		12.45	4.45
Lewisburg, ar.	A.M	8.35		12.50	4.50
Lewisburg, lv.	5.25	8.55	10.00	1.05	5.25
Montandon	ar.5 40	ar.9.10	ar.10.10	ar.1.20	ar.5.40

Additional trains leave Lewisburg for Montandon at 7.30 P. M., returning leave Montandon for Lewisburg at 7.50 P. M.

CHAS. F PUGH, General Manager.
J. R. WOOD, Gen'l Pass'ger Ag't.

New Arrival of Goods

AT NEW STORE!

NEW GOODS! NEW GOODS!

LOW PRICES!

HARPER & KREAMER,

Centre Hall,

Have just opened in one of Largest and Best Rooms in the Valley,

—A COMPLETE STOCK OF—

DRY GOODS,
DRESS GOODS
NOTIONS,
HATS & CAPS,
BOOTS & SHOES,
HARDWARE,
OILS AND PAINTS,
GLASSWARE, QUEENSWARE,
GROCERIES,
COFFEES, SUGARS, TEAS, FISH
SALT, TOBACCO, SEGARS,
EVERYTHING
KEPT IN A WELL REGULATED STORE.

ALL NEW GOODS,

We offer bargains unsurpassed in this COUNTY.

COME AND SEE US.

All kinds of Produce taken, and Highest Market Prices Paid.

MURRAY'S

CARRIAGE WORKS

CENTRE HALL, Centre Co., Penn'a,
Where are kept on hand and for sale.

—BUGGIES,
—PHAETONS,
—SPRING WAGONS,
—&c., —&c.

Repairing done at Reasonable rates.

Buggy Tops of any style made to order, with prices according to quality. I have recently added HORSE SHOEING to the smith department, under the supervision of a very skilled and obliging blacksmith.

19dectf LEVI MURRAY.

AGENTS WANTED FOR THE NEW BOOK,

Deeds Of Daring

By BLUE & GRAY.

The great collection of the most thrilling personal adventures on both sides during the Great Civil War. Intensely interesting accounts of exploits of scouts and spies, forlorn hopes, heroic bravery, imprisonments and hair-breadth escapes, romantic incidents, hand-to-hand struggles, humorous and tragic events, perilous journeys, bold dashes, brilliant successes and magnanimous actions on each side the line. 70 chapters, PROFUSELY ILLUSTRATED to the life. No other book at all like it. Outsells everything. Address, STANDARD PUB. HOUSE,
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THE OLD STAND!

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To the Front with Seasonable Goods.
Our SPRING Supplies are NOW IN and
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Call and Examine.

OUR DRY GOODS DEPARTMENT
Cannot be beat in Quality and
Prices, especially in Domestics.

We know we can do you good in
SHIRTINGS, — MUSLINS
TICKS, GINGHAMS,
&c., &c.

A HOST OF BARGAINS IN
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A SPLENDID LINE OF
Cloths and Cashimeres,
Our SUMMER Supply of
MEN'S AND BOYS'
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CHILDREN'S SHOES,
with a full and complete line of
LADIE'S WEAR now in and
ready for examination. Cheap! Cheap!

GROCERIES,
FRESH AND PURE, ALWAYS
on hand, at prices which will compete
with any other house for the
same quality and style
of goods.

CALL EARLY TO SEE OUR GOODS.

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ENGINES FOR SALE!

ONE 40 HORSE POWER.
TWO 25 " "
ONE 18 " "

THOROUGHLY OVERHAULED AND IN GOOD RUNNING ORDER.

Will be sold Cheap at the
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Centre Hall

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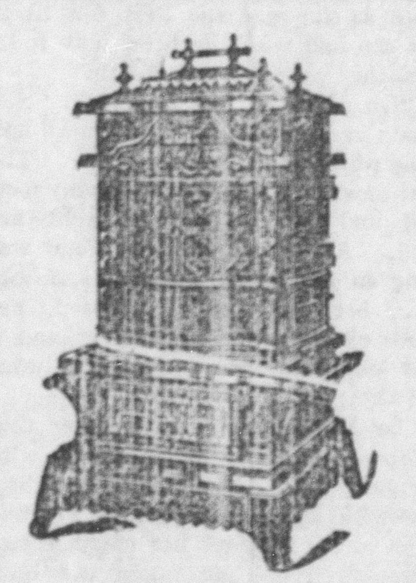

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HAS JUST RECEIVED THE FINEST LOT OF STOVES IN THE COUNTY.

Nickel Plated
and Plain,
Ranges,
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Heaters,

AND EVERY STYLE OF STOVE, LARGE AND SMALL, PLAIN AND FANCY, AT ALL PRICES, AND IN TRUTH

The Cheapest Stoves

IN THE COUNTY. HIS PRICES ARE DOWN TO ROCK BOTTOM, SO THAT IT WILL PAY NO ONE TO PURCHASE STOVES ELSEWHERE.

☞CALL AND SEE FOR YOURSELF oct1tf

HARDWARE.
HARDWARE.
HARDWARE

—ţo;—

JAS. A. HARRIS, & CO.
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—ARE SELLING—

REAPER SECTIONS AND
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REAPERS,
REAPERS,

And all kinds of Farming Tools,

RAKES, FORKS,
SCYTHES,
ROPE BLOCKS
SPROUTS HAY FORKS, &c.

—AS WELL AS ALL KINDS OF HARDWARE, TO MEET THE DEMANDS IN THIS LINE.

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STEWART'S
IRON-FIBER
PAINT and CEMENT.

—COLORS RED AND BROWN,—
All Ready for Use.

For painting BUILDINGS, FENCES, BRIDGES, ROOFS, &c., and for repairing and preserving ROOFS of all kinds.

Guaranteed to be more durable and economical than any other paint or cement made. Send for circular to

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WANTED! Energetic, reliable men to sell Trees, Grape Vines, Shrubs, Roses, &c. SALARIES and expenses paid. *Experience not essential. Full instructions given inexperienced men.* Address, LeCLARE & HERRICK, Brighton, N. Y. *One mile east of Rochester.*

Consult Dr. La Barge, SUCCESSOR TO Dr. BUTTS

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W. R. Teller, proprietor, Bellefonte, Pa. Special attention given to country trade. june16y

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The traveling community will find this hotel equal to any in the county in every respect, for man and beast, and charges very moderate. Give it a trial
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Good Sample Rooms on First Floor.
Free Buss to and from all trains.
Special rates to witnesses and jurors. 8jun

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FOR SUMMER BOARDERS AND TRANSIENT CUSTOM.
Good Table, healthy locality, pure mountain water, surrounded by finest natural scenery in the state. Schools and churches convenient. Terms very reasonable. 16aug tf

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FINE SUMMER RESORT.
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TERMS REASONABLE.
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Receive Deposits and allow Interest;
Discount Notes; Buy and Sell Government Securities; Gold and Coupons.
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Buys and sells Real Estate on fair commission;
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German, English and American. Combined capital, $15,000,000. Office in Bush Arcade, over Valentine's stores, Bellefonte, Pa. 2janv

CONFECTIONERY and EATING HOUSE, at SEARFASS' ROOMS Bush's block. Meals at all hours from early to late trains. Lunch without coffee 10 cts., Lunch with coffee 15 cents Regular meals 25 cts. Oysters in all style

J. ZELLER & SON,
DRUGGISTS, Bellefonte, Pa.
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DRUGS, DRUGS
CHEMICALS!
PERFUMERY,
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Pure Wines and Liquors for medical purposes always kept

If you want good shoulder braces, suitable for ladies and gentlemen, and at reasonable prices, go to the Centre Hall drug store.
J. D. MURRAY, Druggist,
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DO YOU KNOW
THAT
—LORILLARD'S CLIMAX—
PLUG TOBACCO
with Red Tin Tag; Rose Leaf Fine Cut Chewing NAVY CLIPPINGS, and Black, Brown and Yellow SNUFFS are the best and cheapest, quality considered! 6aug y.

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Fall Term begins September 10, 1884.
Examination for admission, September 9.

This institution is located in one of the most beautiful and healthy spots of the entire Allegheny region. It is open to both sexes, and offers the following Courses of Study:

1 A Full Scientific Course of Four Years.
2 A Full Latin Scientific Course.
3 The following SPECIAL COURSES, of two years each following the first two years of the Scientific Course (a) AGRICULTURE; (b) NATURAL HISTORY; (c) CHEMISTRY AND PHYSICS; (d) CIVIL ENGINEERING.
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For Catalogues, or other information, address
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1yjan9 State College, Centre Co., Pa

WHAT IS DYSPEPSIA?

Among the many symptoms of Dyspepsia or indigestion the most prominent are: Variable appetite; faint, gnawing feeling at pit of the stomach, with unsatisfied craving for food; heartburn, feeling of weight and wind in the stomach, bad breath, bad taste in the mouth, low spirits, general prostration, headache, and constipation. There is no form of disease more prevalent than Dyspepsia, and none so peculiar to the high-living and rapid-eating American people. Alcohol and tobacco produce Dyspepsia; also, bad air, rapid eating, etc. BURDOCK BLOOD BITTERS will cure the worst case, by regulating the bowels and toning up the digestive organs. Sold everywhere.

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THE TOMB OF SASSACUS.

Judge Richard A. Wheeler, of Stonington, writes to the New Haven *Register*: "I have read an article in your paper of of this week headed 'Plundering the Tomb of Sassacus,' adding that 'the remnant of the Pequot tribe of Indians occupies a reservation of about 1,000 acres at Indiantown, between Ledyard and Stonington.' On this land are the sepulchres of the tribe. There are two reservations occupied by remnants of the Pequots, not between Ledyard and Stonington, but one in North Stonington and the other in Ledyard. The Ledyard Pequots are the descendants of the warriors assigned to Uncas in the Hartford treaty of 1637. The North Stonington Indians descend from the warriors assigned by said treaty to Miantonomoh and Ningiret. This remnant located themselves after the Pequot war on both sides of Massatuxet Creek in Westerly, R. I., where they remained until 1661, when they were driven over Pawcatuck River into the town of Stonington by the first planters of Misquamicut. When in Stonington they were located at several places, part at Canset neck (now known as Palmer's neck), another portion on Cosatuc hill, and the rest of them under Catapeset at Taugwoak. The English did not permit them to hold and occupy these places undisturbed. Finally in 1683, a committee were appointed by the general court to provide for them a permanent place of abode. In pursuance of this authority the committee purchased of I. Wheeler the North Stonington reservation. The deed bears date May 24, 1683. The remnant assigned to Uncas would not submit to his authority, and after a few years most of them congregated at Noank, in the town of Groton. Cassasinamon, their nominal chief, petitioned the general court for more land, which was granted them in 1665 at Mashantuxet, which is now the Ledyard reservation. Doubtless these reservations are in some shape their sepulchers, but that Sassacus was ever buried there has no foundation in fact. When Captain Mason stormed and took the Pequot fort in 1637, Sassacus was not there. He made his escape and fled to the Mohawks for protection. Having been previously at variance with them, they took advantage of his situation and beheaded him, and sent his scalp as a trophy to Connecticut. Whether he was buried or cremated is not known; probably the latter.

COMICAL CHINESE WAR PICTURES.

One of the most amusing strokes of newspaper enterprise we have seen for "many a long day" has been carried out by the Paris *Figaro* in producing fac-similes of Chinese illustrations of the Tonquin expedition. The Celestials issued highly colored plates of the war, of course in each case depicting the French as bolting in abject terror before the soldiers of the Flowery Land. These pictures look like copies of willow-pattern plates, printed in brimstone and brick-dust upon the side of a tea chest. The attack on Sontay is particularly brilliant, as it is ornamented with a very liberal hand. In front the Frenchmen retreat in two rows, in one or two cases minus a leg or a head, while the Chinese follow up (amidst a shower of tea chest characters) at a victorious jog trot. Leading the Celestials is a man on a huge wooden horse, waving two scimetars about the size of windmill sails, while from the Chinese rifles issue streams of fire in two straight and bloody lines, one terminating in a Frenchman's ear, and the other losing itself in a Frenchman's coat tails. In the centre of a huge blue and red lake are a dozen smashed spiders, with the figure eight overhead. Upon referring to the index we find that this refers to the dispersal of the Gallic navy. It is, however, in depicting a naval battle that the celestial artist has excelled himself. Here one awful cannon is belching forth a perfect tornado of shot and shell in a wide stream clean across the picture. In its path of progress it cuts in two great ships and decimates a whole regiment, the limbs of the soldiery being depicted as flying all over the place; a head here, and so on. At a table in one corner sits a man who is supposed to be the complacency. The whole thing is indescribably funny, and the *Figaro* has certainly scored a point in publishing such exquisite reproductions.

The masters of chivalry knew that the first and necessary impulse of every truly taught and knightly heart is that of blind service to its lady; there where the true service is not, all wayward and wiched passion must be; and that in rapturous obedianse to its true love is the sanctification of all men's strength and the continuance of all his purposes, and this because it ought to be impossible for any man to love any one whose gentle counsel he cannot trust.

By acknowledging and emphasizing the good that is in those around us we strengthen their self-respect and give them a powerful motive in the right direction; by exposing and emphasizing faults and failings, we destroy their self-respect and deprive them of one of the strongest motives for improvement.

Wrinkles disfigure women less than ill-nature.

Ebony and Mahogany curtain poles with elegant brass trimmings, only 75 cents, at the Bee Hive.

LIVES OF MORMONS.

As a rule, the polygamist has some property before increasing his stock of wives. In the city, therefore, it is seldom that the different wives share the same quarters. In the country this is not so uncommon, but the natural unpleasantness follows in most cases. The general method is to have a large house, the main part of which, perhaps, is occupied by the first wife, and wings or additions by the successive candidates for marital honors. These large, straggling, hotel-like houses are common in Salt Lake City, and mark a difference between it and a town of small houses like Cheyenne and most other Western villages. In many cases, however, the husband sets up his wives in separate homes, either side or in different parts of the city. In any case each has her own kitchen garden, etc. I have in mind a wealthy dignitary of the church who has seven wives. Each of these women has some farming and garden ground of her own, and all are greatly devoted to rearing bees. With the help of their grown children they each raise a large amount of produce and honey annually. The husband acts as their agent. He hives their swarms of bees, and charges them for it; he renders special aid when called upon, and is paid for it; he sells their crops and honey when it is ready, and credits each wife with her due share. Most of them live in suites of apartments under the roof of his great house in town, but the first wife has a beautiful farm of her own a little out of the city, of which she and her children have retired, to end their days in peaceful independence. The way in which this old gentleman has always arranged his domestic life is reported to be thus: he had certain rooms in his house where he kept his bed, his wardrobe, his books, and saw any visitors who called upon him. Here he was a bachelor, and here he stayed every other day and night. On alternate days and nights he was the guest of one or another of his wives in regular rotation, devoting the one day (in this case fortnightly) which was hers, diligently to her society. Of course this routine was not invariable, but for the most part it was regularly followed.

BIBLIOMANIACS.

Many a man has gone into a bookseller's shop for some particular work, and after looking around has left it with the appetite for acquiring fanned into flame for the rest of his life. The modern second hand bookseller is an important factor in the formation of libraries. Often born and bred among books, their study his profession, he frequently possesses an amount of knowedge about them which the amateur, with all his spare time, can never rival. Although most booksellers have some special branch, the knowledge is frequently varied and large, not only in their special interests—the dates, editions and values of books—but also in their contents. And most collectors have experienced gratefully the courtesy, patience and persistence often shown in inquiring for and tracing some scarce and desirable volume, in order to obtain which the bookseller has perhaps to put himself into communication with agencies in both hemispheres. One difficulty which the collector eventually meets—the collector of unlimited purse and insatiable maw at least—is that sooner or later he finds himself opposed to a limited number of copies of some scarce book and a relatively unlimited number of competitors for them. Standard works and the less uncommon rarities he may easily obtain. The volumes of his library may be numbered by thousands. Then arrives the time when—appetite growing with food—he is only to be satisfied by possessing solitary survivors whose companions have perished from the effects of fire, neglect or suppression, or rarities whose fame is world-wide. But on the rare occasions when these come under the hammer he finds himself confronted by other collectors, equally wealthy and determined, and with buyers for the large public libraries, of which so many are now being formed. It is under these conditions that the startling figures are bid that excite feelings of derision or even of anger, in people who have no sympathy with the collector's ambition.

TOBACCO PULP PAPER.

Paper made out of tobacco stems is one of the latest claimants for public attention. The tobacco pulp, it is asserted, produces a much stronger paper than wood at a much smaller cost. Samples of tobacco paper made under unfavorable circumstances show comparatively few defects, and the strength is said to have been successfully tested by lifting a hundred pound boy on a single broad sheet. A great point in the manufacture of the pulp is the fact that only the ordinary machinery found in every paper mill is required—beaters, rotary and grinding machines—while wood has to be skinned, stripped, relieved of knots and rotten parts and grated. The average quality of wood used loses from 60 to 80 per cent. in waste, and the most expensive chemical process of reducing it to pulp brings the amount of waste down only to 52 per cent. Tobacco stalk, however, reduced by a purely mechanical process to a bone-dry pulp shows a waste of only 5 per cent.

—The Philad. Branch keeps the best and latest styles hats and $1 cheaper than elsewhere.

RIGHT ON TIME.

The Man Who Has not Shaved Since 1860 Turns Up.

[Philadelphia Times.]

A tall, broad-shouldered man, of apparently fifty-five years, walked into Binder's Seventh street barber shop on Saturday afternoon and seated himself in a chair. A heavy black beard covered his face and his shirt front and was finally lost to sight within the capacious recesses of his waist coat.

"Hair cut, sir?" said the barber, as he began to tuck a towel around the collar of his customer, preliminary to picking up his shears. The old man, who had been busy with his beard during this interval, now exposed it to the astonished gaze of the shop. It reached fully three inches below his knees when it was uncoiled. He replied: "No, but"—here he glanced around the shop with a triumphant smile—"I want this beard taken off clean." Apparently seeing that some explanation would be welcome to the astonished gathering of barbers and customers, the old man said in tones that showed emotion stirring within him:

"For twenty-four years no razor has touched my face. This beard is the result. It was in 1860. I was as spruce a young chap as ever kicked up his heels at a Lancaster county wedding and everybody knew Joe Barstow in those parts. They called me 'young Joe' to make a difference between the old man and me. The old man was a Bourbon Democrat to the backbone and I was with him till the split in the 1860 Convention, when the Southerners put up John C. Breckenrigde and we—the North—nominated Stephen A. Douglas. The old man went in on Breckenridge. I felt strong on the subject and worked for Douglas day and night. I used to be very smart in my appearance in those days, but I worked so hard I had no time for sprinking up.

"One night I made a speech at a meeting in the old Turnpike Tavern. I had a weeks growth of stubble on my face, and before I had spoken a dozen words some lout sang out, 'Go get a shave.' Everybody laughed as they looked at me. 'Get a shave?' says I; 'no razor touches my face until I see a Democratic President in the White House.'

"I heve kept my word. Take it off and roll it carefully up in a piece of paper, barber, for I am going to send President Cleveland a chain made out of it."

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Above extract from a letter dated—W. Va. Dec. 25, 1881.
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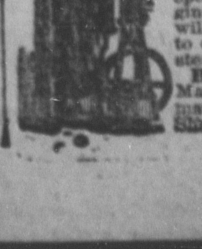

EVERYDAY.

The dawn grows red in the East,
With pomp of purple and gold,
And curtains of trailing mist
Are in gauzy films uprolled.
The sun like a painter comes
To illumine the background gray,
And he wields his magic brush,
Though few know it, Everyday.

The birds awake when the dawn
Draws faint pink streaks in the east
And the bobolink and thrush
Rehearse for a royal feast.
The robin, linnet and lark
Are songsters gladsome and gay,
The music they make is good
And they make it Everyday.

The brook begins with its song
At earliest morning hour,
And the bee its soft drone starts
In the wet and dewy flower,
The sound of all growing things
Is heard in the wind-harp's lay,
The song of peace and love,
And earth makes it Everyday.

There are children glad as dreams,
And they fill fair homes with light,
And their voices chime in chords
Of joy from morn till night,
Throughout the whole wide earth
The children dance and are gay,
The throb of the rhythm is sweet,
And 'tis measured Everyday.

There are battles for the right,
By men who are brave and true,
And the world will never know
Half the valiant deeds they do.
They make the sorry to smile
They make the wicked to pray,
They make the brave to dare,
And thly do it Everyday.

THE WIFE'S SECRET.

"How on earth could we love her? She had caused such bitter disappointment."

"And how could Gerald care for a pale, strange looking little witch, with her queer name after her French mother? For witch, of course, she must be to have fascinated our fastidious brother to the extent of marrying her."

Gerald was our only brother, twenty-six years of age, tall and handsome, and the idol of his sisters—two of us—one widowed, and the other, myself, an old maid.

Few sisters are perfetly satisfied, as a rule, when their brother has found some one dearer to him than those who have loved him and administered to his comfort all their lives. Yet I really think we should have been moderately content if his choice had been to our own taste.

Why it had not been so was just a mystery. Edith Falconer, whom we had set our hearts on seeing Mrs. Gerald Fane, was a "daughter of the gods—tall and divinely fair, and it puzzled us how his heart or his fancy could have traveled towards a daughter of a French Canadian, when our letters were constantly full of Edith's beauty and Edith's goodness, and when we had made a point of dilating on her attractions from morning till eve whenever he was at home.

Edith was with us when the letter came bidding us welcome his wife, and I saw the surprise and disappointment legibly writien in her beautiful blue eyes.

Not that Edith was really in love with him, but she had always felt an enormous interest in the brother of her dearest friends—an interest which we had fully thought would ripen into love.

And this is what Gerald wrote:

"I shall bring her to yon, my poor, stricken little Stephanie. She would be quite alone in the wide world now if it was not for me! We were married beside the deathbed of her father, and she was scarcely a wife before she was wholly an orphan, with never a relative on earth. I have promised her so much love from you both that she will not, I know, feel the loss of mother and sister, who were drowned on their way out to America—while I shall fill the place of all others—father, brother, husband."

As we read this we felt convinced how it was that Gerald had married her. It was from their pity. We fully decided this point and it did not make us feel more pleasantly on the subject, for we were sure that poor Gerald had been victimized, sacrificed, etc., etc.

We went about our preparations, however, for their coming; furnished the rooms newly and prettily and did our best to insure comfort to the bride, but it must be confessed our hearts were not in our work.

On the evening they were expected we had no one in the house, thinking Stephanie would prefer it so.

That is, we had only Edith Falconer—but then she was just one of ourselves.

Gerald looked handsomer than ever as he sprang out of the carriage and rushed up the steps, and with a radiant face kissed us both.

Then he ran down again and lifted out a tiny figure, which he bore in his arms as if it had been a child, and, placing it before us, said:

"Here's my darling—the sweetest little darling that ever trod the earth."

He went away then to attend to the luggage, and she made a sort of movement as if to rush after him, but stopped abruptly.

Then with quivering lips she lifted her glance to us, with a helpless, wistful, look; but presently a softer light crept into her great, dark, wild-looking eyes and she clasped our hands and bent and kissed them.

After this we took her into the drawing-room and introduced her to Edith, and I saw her queer, dark little face brighten up strangely as Edith greeted her affectionately.

"Please call me Ste and not Mrs. Fane," she whispered in a low, frightened voice; "my heart yearns to be called by that name. Papa loved it so!" and turning her face away she sobbed once or twice.

Gerald came in just then and shaking hands with Edith went over to his wife at once.

"Come my bird, You had better let my sisters show you to your room, so as you can trim your feathers a little," he said, lovingly stroking back the soft fluffy dark hair gently from her brow.

My sister carried her off at once, and, of course, Gerald followed. He did not seem able to take his eyes off her for a moment.

"What a queer little fright she is—she looks like an elf! He must only have married her from pity, I suppose," I could not help saying.

"Not a fright, surely!" Edith answered quickly; "we see her in an unfavorable moment. Her grief has told on her face, but she has glorious eyes, and I can see what took Gerard. It is her winning manner, just like a petted child's."

I glanced at Edith admiringly, thinking what an angel of forgiveness she was, and when the bride came down again I took a malicious pleasure in comparing her with Edith.

Edith, so fair and so lovely, with hair like spun gold and a wild-rose bloom on her cheeks, and with a graceful, willowy figure. And Ste—to call her by the curious abbreviation she wished—so small and dusky, with a colorless skin, and nothing to recommend her but two immense black eyes, which certainly were as lustrous as twin stars and as soft as velvet.

Later in the evening, when dinner was over, and Edith had drawn her away to look at Gerald's drawings, he came up and sat down by me.

"Ellen, you must not form an opinion of Ste's attractions now," he whispered, earnestly; "she is not herself; naturally she is bright and happy as a bird, and altogether charming. You must help me to chase away her trouble and bring back her smiles. And then, you don't know how pretty my little one is when she smiles," he went on, enthusiastically.

And wondering how she ever could be pretty, I forgot to answer. So, after a momentary pause, he said:

"Edith is more beautiful than ever, I see."

"Ah," I thought, "he could not help comparing these two—the girl he had needlessly thrown aside and the girl he had linked himself to for life."

It was not long before Ste "was more like herself," as Gerald said. Her sorrow had been so wild and so passionate that naturally it soon wore itself out. The color soon came back to her dark cheeks, an additional lustre to her eyes, and I could often hear her carolling snatches of songs.

They were mostly French ones—some with a wonderful pathos ringing through them; and her pronunciation of her material tongue was the prettiest thing imaginable. Yes, she was growing merry enough.

Gerald's love was so perfect, and he filled the place of father, brother and husband so entirely, as he had said, that he left her nothing to wish for.

My sister was growing very fond of her and declared her to be remarkably pretty, but I could see no beauty in her, neither could I love her, my devotion to Edith utterly precluded it.

She grew to be popular with Gerald's men friends too. They thought her charming, and his especial friend, a young fellow who was a doctor rapidly rising in his profession, and who had been an admirer of Edith's, came more frequently than the rest.

Before Gerald's marriage, Dr. Percival had made small progress in his wooing, but since, Edith, had seemed more favorably inclined toward him.

He was passionately fond of singing and had a superb voice. Edith could not sing a note, but Ste's and Mark Percival's voices blended splendidly together. Thus hours were spent—every hour, I thought, that he could spare from his practice—in these duets.

And Gerald who was also passionately fond of music, never seemed to tire of listening to the two.

I was very wicked, I know. I really believed Ste to be artful and designing; her childlike, blithe manner I fancied was assumed; I saw how happy she was in the hours spent in Mark Percival's society, and it made me dislike her ten times more for finding pleasure anywhere but with her husband.

I consoled myself with believing that she was trying to bewitch poor Edith's lover as she had bewitched my brother, and listened indignantly when she said, in her pretty childish fashion:

"I wish Edith and Dr. Percival would come; 'tis getting quite late and they are not here yet. And I miss them so. Isn't Dr. Percival handsome and accomplished Gerald?"

I don't think a doubt of her ever entered into his mind until I put it there.

I began with a look, or a little word opportunely dropped.

Then I rushed into the thing suddenly, and shall never forget the expression of pain on his face when I said:

"Mark Percival admires Ste very much, Gerald. How well their voices suit! I think if he had chanced to meet her before her marriage you would have had a very formidable rival."

He did not answer but grew deathly white and biting his lips, turned away.

But I had not done.

There was an excuse for me, for I loved my brother with all my heart, and I was jealous of him.

"Hasn't Ste a wonderfully powerful voice for such a little creature?"

"That is a lovely thing she is singing now. It is Beethoven's Adelaide,' isn't it?" he answered quaintly.

"Yes; her favorite song, or rather Mark Percival's, which is about the same!"

He looked at me sternly for the first time in his life, and then said:

"You have never really loved any one, Ellen. But be careful that you don't plant thorns that may prick you more than any one else."

His words were prophetic. How deeply I repented my wickedness no one knows. Yet at this time I hated Ste for being the cause of the first rebuke Gerald had given me, and in Edith's ear I put a word now and then that soon built up a wall of ice between her and my brother's wife.

Gerald grew silent and even a little morose.

And Ste felt it and was hurt that he did not tell her the cause of his change. She became reserved crushing back her loving impulses; and as Mark Percival's visits had suddenly grown less frequent Gerald thought Ste was grieving over this.

Gerald who was not a rich man, and an artist by profession, worked by night as well as by day—worked to keep himself from thinking.

And so some months went by. He was looking miserable at last, and Ste, declaring he was really ill, begged him to take rest, Her anxiety chasing away her latter reserve, she insisted on his seeing a physician, but he steadily refused.

She begged then that she might send for Mark Percival.

When she said that, I looked at Gerald—a look that spoke volumes.

She just wanted an excuse to have him again near her, I thought, and my glance told that and more.

Then there came into Gerald's blue eyes an expression that defied my understanding. I could not tell if it was a defiance of me or a curious sort of resignation to the will of a woman whom he worshipped with all his soul.

"Yes," she said languidly, "send for Percival, if it will relieve yonr mind."

The next day Mark Percival came, and for a long while he and Gerald were closeted together, while Ste and my sister and myself were told not to go near the room, but when Mark Percival came out into the hall Ste spied him from the lawn, and in a moment she was by his side, speaking intently—so intently that she never saw my eyes watching from a bay-window in the morning room that jutted out, giving a view of the rest of the building.

By and by they went down the steps, side-by-side, into the garden, and I heard him say, in rather a low voice;

"He must stop work and rest a little Mrs, Fane. He complains of a pricking sensation in his right side and shoulder. I do not like that. It is rather unfavorable. Still, with our united care and rest, I think we shall bring him around."

And Ste answered him with a smile. I could not see that and believed that she was young and sanguine and that she never realized her husband's danger.

How could I give her credit for this when I suspected her—suspected as foully as I could—that it was not Gerald whom she loved, but Mark Percival?

Gerald was resolved to work on in spite of everything. We were not rich, he said, and work was necessary for several weeks.

Ste, instead of passing the hours in his studio, as she used to do, would remain in her own room with her door locked—sulking, I told my sister.

At last, one day a blow fell on us all—a dreadful blow, and harder to me since I believed I had helped to bring it—that, perhaps, I was really the instrument that had dealt it. Had I not made my brother unhappy, perhaps he would not have worked so incessantly in the vain hope of banishing thought.

She found him one bright summer's day, apparently lifeless, beside his easel—and for weeks he lingered, hovering, as it were, between us and eternity.

And his wife, remorseful of her treachery and want of faith seemed to have no thought but him.

She never left him for a moment, and if she slept it was by snatches only, with her head against his pillow, when the slighest movement would awaken her.

After what seemed an age of anxiety to us the doctor said he would live, but nevermore to work, for Gerald's right arm was paralyzed.

I had been growing less bitter in my feelings toward Ste during my brother's illness—she seemed to be really devoted to him, but when they said he was not to work any more with his brush, a look of triumph came into her eyes which puzzled me, and again I began to doubt her, and the doubt grew stronger when I saw her meet Mark Percival in the porch and stand for many a minute in earnest whispered conversation.

Once—from behind a laurestinus bush—I saw her place her hand on his arm and look up into his face, her great wild dark eyes full of glittering tears, while she said, with quivering lips:

"How much longer? Oh, these last weeks have been centuries to me. And if—oh, if you have not been deceiving me—I may hope——"

"Everything," he answered interrupting her, and taking the mite of a hand in his. "I tell you that you have not many more days to wait, and then we shall both be very happy."

Upon this Ste smiled into his handsome eyes with a strange, wistful, yearning look that drove me almost wild with the bitterest anger and suspicion.

Now I dare not even look back to the horrible feelings that filled my heart with regard to the woman whom my brother had made his wife, and in whom he had placed his happiness, his infinite faith, and, more than all, his honor.

But Gerald was in a weak and critical state, and I did not dare to warn him of what I feared. He was very loving and tender to her and I could see his eyes follow her slight figure wherever she moved, with an expression of mingled affection and doubt that was sad to look upon.

When one day she heard Mark Percival's voice at the door, she darted out of the room to meet him, forgetful of a mass of roses on her lap, with which she was making a bouquet, and, heedless of the lovely, fragile flowers, in her haste and evident agitation, she trod out their beauty with her feet.

Then I heard Gerald murmur to himself:

"Poor little one! She is so young? I hoped to make her happy; but I am so grave and quiet that she cannot love me. God give me strength to bear it."

I told my sister of this, but she would hardly listen. She had bewitched her and she declared that my brother's wife was a thoughtless child, nothing worse.

The death of the summer had come and autumn brought its wailing wind and the leaves died in company with the long bright days, wrapped in splendid cerements of rainbow hues. And Gerald grew no better.

The truth was that he did not care to live.

Ste was in a state of feverish excitement, which seemed to grow worse each hour.

One day I knew the crisis was near. Her cheeks burnt with two red spots; her eyes had a wilder look and I knew that her ear was strained to catch every sound of coming foot-steps.

At last she heard the welcome sound of Mark Percival's laugh. He had not been near us for a whole week, and regardless of us she flew down the stairs to him.

I heard him exclaim:

"Hurrah! it's all right."

And her answer was:

"God bless you! how good you are!"

In another moment or two she ran upstairs again and I followed her, but if she was aware of my supervision she did not care.

Gerald was reclining in an easy-chair; his face was ashy pale, and he looked a shadow of his old self; but still his face was beautiful in its classical features and its large, deep blue eyes, over which a fond look always crept when his wife came near.

She threw herself on her knees before him, and catching his thin white hand she kissed it passionately.

"At last I can tell you," she gasped, between tears and smiles; "you will doubt me no longer, Gerald, and forgive me for having had a secret from you; I dared not tell, I was so fearful of a failure. See, Gerald darling, there is no need for you to paint any more. I shall work for you, for us all! Oh, Gerald, won't it be a labor of love?"

And she held before him a letter from one of the best firms of publishers in London.

He looked at it, then at her, as if just awakening from a strange wild, dream. Before he could speak, however, she dived into her pocket and drew out a roll of bank-notes, and thrust them into his hand.

"This is yours, Gerald, all yours; I am all yours, am I not? And I shall have more—much more I hope. Oh, do speak to me, Gerald. Say one little word please."

Gerald drew her to him with all the little strength left to him, and kissed her fondly. Oh, the radiant joy that beamed over his poor wan face as he murmured:

"Thank God—thank God, you are all my own, my Ste!"

I stole away then. I wanted to hide myself from their sight. How dreadfully I had wronged her. Could she ever forgive me?

Well, I did the most sensible thing I could; I made a clean breast of everything, and Ste forgave me fully and freely, with her slender arms around my neck, and in her great black eyes an honest affection, and she laughed in her own elfish fashion, as she said:

"So you thought I could look at any one else in the world, when I had Gerald—my own, own Gerald to look at and to love, with all my might and main."

Gerald is quite resigned to the will of heaven now. True, he cannot put his thoughts on canvas, but he tells them to Ste, and she in her charming manner, weaves them into romances that win her fame, and gives us luxuries in our home that we never had before.

How much she gives us, does little Ste, and the best gift of all is her love—it is so true, so unselfish!

She has given us something else, too, to brighten the old house. It is a tiny boy, with golden curls, and large serious blue eyes, like Gerald's, and the sweetest smile, like his mother.

They have christened Raymond, after Ste's father, but he is a snatch of sunshine to us all, so we call him "Ray."

My life is devoted to him. I love him with a love devoid of selfishness—a love purified by experience, and suffering, and remorse.

A Circus Dressing Room.

The dressing tent of a circus was by chance made accessible to me the other day, and I was impressed by a phase of costuming that was brand-new to me. There were about a dozen women and girls making ready for their performance in the ring, and what I saw was pertinent to the subject which I am discussing—abnormities of toilet. Each artist had space for her trunk, from which she took out the articles requisite for the ring toilet. The equestrienne, after fitting herself into the snuggest bodice and smoothest tights possible to her anatomy, attached layer after layer of brief, gauzy skirts, so that when arrayed she looked easy and airy, though all the while she was squeezed literally from head to foot. The trapeze girl incased herself with similar closeness, and further tortured her head, knotting and pinning her own hair down in a wad, so as to securely fasten on the flowing wig which, when she hung wrong side down from the giddy bar, was to make an impression of hirsute freedom by waving in the air. A bicycle rider girted herself at her middle until she became two almost separate sections, but the blouse thus compressed at that point was otherwise delightfully loose in appearance. Still another, who was to personate a lady of the Pompadour period, forced herself into a lace with points, fore and aft, reaching so low that she couldn't sit down without prodding the chair with them. Of course she was terribly compressed, but some puffing on the sleeves and shoulders gave her an aspect of delicious looseness.

Ancient Stationery.

Many were the expedients resorted to by the early Greek and Roman scribes to obtain writing materials. There was no scribbling paper whereon to jot down trivial memoranda or accounts, but pieces of broken pots, crockery or tiles were constantly used for this purpose. Fragments of ancient tiles thus scribbled on have been found in many places. The island of Elephantine, on the Nile, is said to have furnished more than a hundred specimens of these memoranda, which are now in various museums. One of these is a soldier's leave of absence, scribbled on a fragment of an old vase. Still quainter were the writing materials of ancient Arabs, who, before the time of Mahommed, used to carve their annals on the shoulder-blades of sheep; these "sheepbone chronicles" were strung together and thus preserved. After a while, sheep's bones were replaced by sheep's skin, and the manufacture of parchment was brough to such perfection as to place it among the refinement of art. We hear of vellums that were tinted yellow, others white; others were dyed of a rich purple, and the writing thereon was in golden ink, with gold borders and many colored decorations. These precious manuscripts were anointed with the oil of cedar to preserve them from decay.

Invading a Sanctuary.

The castle barracks at Enniskillen at one time enjoyed the privilege, shared by some other localities, of being a sanctuary within the bounds of which no one could be arrested for debt. I do not know whether this still is the case, but it probably arose from the site having been formerly occupied as a royal castle, as the name would imply. At all events, the freedom from arrest for debt was not only frequently a considerable convenience to impecunious officers, but was also at times of service to several of the gentlemen of the neighborhood, who, living "not wisely but too well," had outrun the constable and for a time became the guests of those who had enjoyed the hospitality dispensed at their various houses with so free a hand. I remember a very ludicrous scene that was brought about by an occurrence of the kind.

One very hot day in the height of summer a party, consisting of half a dozen or so of us, were refreshing our heated "corpuses," after a longish parade and drill in the room of a brother officer, and pipes, cigars, and various cooling drinks were the order of the day. The room was on the first floor, in the corner of the barracks, and on going out of the door of the house in which it was situated, the barrack gate was at some distance to the left, while close to the right ran the deep and rapid western branch of the river, that flows on both sides of the island upon which the town stands.

A postern gate in a high and strong palisade gave access to the water, from which gate a flight of several stone steps, running down to the left along the wall, enabled us to get to the boats lying there; but, save a small platform at the top of the steps, there was nothing between the open gate and the river. The gate was not locked during the day as we constantly used it.

While we were chatting de rebus omnibus et quibusdam aliis, a hurried step was heard on the stair, the door was flung open and Mr. Dane, a gentleman of the neighborhood rushed in, flung himself into a chair, exclaiming: "Safe at last! But, by jove! I had a squeak for it!"

Before he had time to explain, however, after him dashed a bailiff, though considerably blown, at once put his hand on Mr. Deane's shoulder and bade him consider himself his prisoner. The bailiff must either have been a stranger or very young at his trade not to have known that he was acting illegally; but at this juncture the officer to whom the quarters belonged interposed, and sternly ordered him to leave the room, under pain of being removed by force if he did not.

This the bailiff, with much insolent language, refused to do unless Mr. Dane came with him, interspersing his refusals with uncomplimentary remarks upon officers and soldiers in general, and the present company in particular. Upon this, the officer went to the open window, and seeing one of the servants in the barrack-yard, desired him to come up stairs, and bring three or four others with him, and less than a minute several stout fellows entered the room.

Pointing to the bailiff, "Put this man out of the barracks at once!" was the next order.

"Yes, your honor," replied the leader of the party, a gigantic Irishman; and in a second the bailiff found himself in hands from which there was no escape; and as he would not be quiet, but continued to struggle and resist, he was turned downward, and so carried by his arms and legs down the stairs.

Anticipating some fun, from acquaintance with the character of the giant leader of the party, we all went to the windows, and presently the procession appeared coming out of the door, the bailiff still objurgating and struggling as well as he could, which was not much. Just outside the door they came to a halt.

"Sure, Bill," said the big man, nodding his head toward the postern gate, "didn't the captain tell us to put him out of the barracks at onest, and isn't this the shortest way out?"

"Right you are, and I'm sure I don't want to be carrying this baste all across the yard, such a broiling day as this."

"Oh, gentlemen, gentlemen!" screamed the bailiff, who only then realized their meaning, "for mercy's sake don't put me in the water! I'll get my death of cold! Let me go—oh, do let me go!"

"Can ye swim?" was the question, put in a stern tone by the giant.

"Oh, yes, sir—yes!" shrieked the catchpole, whose fears led him to anticipate nothing short of murder; "I can swim well!"

"Thank your stars for that," was the rejoinder; "you'd have been drowned if you couldn't! Now you'll be washed, and you want it badly. Together now, boys! One—two—three!"

And away flew the bailiff like a spread-eagle, and with a loud shriek disappeared beneath the water. The men jumped into a boat, ready to save him if it had been necessary, but it was not. The victim rose to the surface, blowing like a grampus, and struck for the shore below the barracks with all the ease of a practiced swimmer, and, landing there, went his way a sadder and a wiser bailiff than he was a few minutes before.

Nothing was ever heard of it. He was so completely in the wrong that his employers would not have supported him in any complaint.

Animals in High Latitudes.

It is a fact that not only cats, but dogs, donkeys and other domestic animals are unable to live in as high latitude as man, yet there are few men who can venture with safety to a height that will kill a dog. This explains why all mountain climbers take dogs with them on their journeys. It is often beneficial for persons of delicate constitutions to locate at an elevated point, but they should be careful not to go too high. Where the trouble is caused by muscular weakness of the heart there is always a marked improvement. As the pressure is reduced on the outside of the body the labor of pumping the blood to the surface becomes lighter. Persons with blue, clammy skin and pinched look quickly become of good color and plump. It is best to take a dog along, and when it begins to pant, as is from want of air, that may be considered the safety line.

Vitrol and Broken Glass.

"Hit me with a little vitriol mixed with broken glass," said a man, who might be taken for the worst man in the west, to a bartender, and fire in a few rattle snake stings along with it. I'm from Dead Man's Gulch, I am."

"That's a western order, sir. I don't understand it," was the reply.

"Don't you know what vitirol is?"

"Yes."

"Don't you know what glass is?"

"Yes."

"Don't you know what rattlesnake stings is?"

"No."

"Well, throw in a little red pepper. It will make a weak drink for me, but I'll have to go you. Its a mean section of the country this.

The ferocious style of the man ha terrorized a half dozen listeners in the barroom, and when he lit a rankapee cigar with a whole box of matches the lookers on were amazed. The Terror spit over the head of the nearest man to him and shouted: "Come a running with that wash; you've been long enough to clean out a camp or break a bank."

A boy, who had been dispatched by the bar man to a drug store, came hurrying just at that time, and the sound of crushing glass made the scowling westerner look up quickly. Suddenly the bar man was before him with a large tumbler full of vitriol, broken glass and red pepper.

"Is the rattlesnake stings in thar?" asked the Terror, with less ferociousness than characterized his former speech.

"It's what you ordered," firmly replied the saloonist.

"I don't wan't it without the bites," replied the bad man, as he sided toward the door. A club moved from its position behind the bar, and the wicked man stopped.

"Pay for that or go to the hospital," said the bar man, with determination.

"How much is it?" asked the dangerous man.

"Three dollars."

The money was paid and the Terror sneaked out.

Making a Scrap-Book.

A scrap-book should not be composed of miscellaneous materials, but confined to some special purpose. Let the collector decide rigidly whether pictures or printed texts are to be collected. In pictures the collector should confine himself to a definite subject, whether portraits, historical landscapes or some branch of natural history. A book of famous authors may be collected from publishers' catalogues alone.

In almost every city or county a volume of local scenery may be collected. The collector should especially seek to save what is likely to be lost. For a book in which to paste the cuttings almost any bound volume will do, especially if its pages show a wide margin, and the print can be readily covered by two widths of ordinary newspaper clippings. The margin may be used for notes, including dates and a few explanatory memoranda. The clippings should be kept for a week or so before they are pasted down, because a second judgment may rule them out. It is quite safe to advise collectors that no cutting will do unless it bids fair to be fresh and intelligible a year after it has been honored with a place in the scrap-book. If the pages become too thick for the cover, cut out two or three leaves afer every page filled with clippings.

When there is the slightest possibility that a scrap-book may be used for publishing purposes, or that any of its entries may be cut out for other uses, cover one page only. But on the page used the clippings should be packed closely together. If possible, each clipping should retain the "rule" which marks the end of a printed paragraph or poem. The column lines need not be retained. In fact, it is best to cut newspapers always along these lines. Ragged edges, of course, should be avoided, and the mucilage with which the clippings are pasted down should be used sparingly, lest it ooze through the paper or exude from under the edges. Flour paste is better than mucilage, and what is known as "photographer's" paste is excellent.

My Frolic.

Among the gallants of Charles the Second's day it was the custom when a gentleman drank a lady's health as a toast, by way way of doing her great honor, to throw some part of his dress into the fire, an example which his companions were bound to follow by consuming the same article of their wearing apparel, whatever it might be.

One of his friends perceiving at a tavern dinner that Sir Charles Sedley had on a rich lace cravat, when he named his toast committed his cravat to the flames as a burnt-offering to the temporary divinity, and Sir Charles and the rest were obliged to do the same.

The poet bore his loss with great composure, observing it was a good joke, but that he would have as good a one some other time. He watched therefore his opportunity, when the same party was assembled on a subsequent occasion, and drinking off a bumper to the health of Nell Gwynne, or some other beauty of the day, he called the waiter, and ordering a tooth drawer into the room, whom he had previously brought to the tavern for the purpose, made him draw a decayed tooth which had long plagued him.

The rule of good fellowship, as then in force, clearly required that every one of the company should have a tooth drawn also, but they naturally expressed a hope that Sedley would not be so unmerciful as to enforce the law. Deaf, however, to all their remonstrances, persuasions, and entreaties, he saw them one after another put themselves into the hands of the operator, and whilst writhing with pain, added to their torment by exclaiming:

"Patience, gentlemen, patience. You know you promised that I should have my frolic too.

"Put out the gas!" yelled a bold, bad man after the campaign orator had spoken for three hours.

A home-Made Gift.—A gift of a pretty table would be appreciated by almost anybody, and a very pretty and even elegant one may be made at no great expense. Have made at a carpenter shop a stand with a square top and with four small, straight legs; cover the top and legs with royal blue velvet or velveteen; around the stand put a sort of valance or lambrequin from eight to ten inches deep, and if skilled in the needle work of the day, work at intervals of five or six inches a rose or bud, with slight stems and few leaves, in the lovely ribbon embroidery which makes so handsome an adornment and does not require so much time and material as many other kinds of embroidery. If you choose to have a low shelf on the table, that may be covered with the velvet, but need not be decorated. A sofa pillow to match this table is very effective. A square of the royal blue velvet, with a bunch of roses and buds carelessly laid on, is all that is required, and the cushion is handsome if lined with satin, and needs no cord or other finish at the edges.

Preserved Grapes in Bunches.—Take out the stones from the bunches with a pin, breaking them as little as possible; boil some clarified sugar to nearly candying point; then put in sufficient grapes to cover the bottom of the preserving kettle, without laying them on each other, and boil for nearly five minutes merely to extract all the juice; lay them in an earthen pan and pour the syrup over them; cover with paper, and next day boil the syrup, skimming it well, for five minutes; put in the grapes, let them boil a minute or two; put them in pots and pour the syrup over them, after which tie down.

Mustard Pickles—Equal quantities of small cucumbers, the largest ones sliced, green tomatoes sliced, cauliflower picked into flowerets, and small button onions. Keep them covered with strongly salted water twenty-four hours. In the morning scald the brine, and dissolve in a bit of alum the size of a nutmeg. Pour the boiling brine over the pickles. When cold drain thoroughly, and prepare as much vinegar as there were quarts of brine. To one quart of vinegar use one cup of brown sugar, half a cup of flour and one-fourth of a pound of ground mustard, and stir the boiling vinegar into it, and when smooth pour it over the pickles.

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Elegant rooms, fitted up at a cost of one million dollars, reduced to $1 and upwards per day. European Plan. Elevator. Restaurant supplied with the best. Horse cars, stages and elevated railroad to all depots. Families can live better for less money at the Grand Union Hotel than at any other first-class hotel in the city.

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They that will not be counseled cannot be helped, and if you will not hear reason, she will surely rap your knuckles.

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Few efforts are more successful, few labors are more unavailing than those of the reformer who has not reformed himself.

A Case Beyond Help.

Dr. M. H. Hinsdale, Kenawee, Ill., advises us of a remarkable cure of consumption. He says: "A neighbor's wife was attacked with violent lung disease, and pronounced beyond help from quick consumption. As a last resort the family was persuaded to try Dr. Wm. Hall's Balsam for the Lungs. To the astonishment of all, by the time she had used one half dozen bottles she was about the house doing her own work. I saw her at her worst, and had no idea she could recover."

Do not despise the opinion of the world; you might as well say you do not care for the light of the sun because you can use a candle.

In a letter from Hon. Mrs. Pery, Castle Grey, Limerick, Ireland, Brown's Bronchial Troches are thus referred to: "Having brought your 'Bronchial Troches' with me when I came to reside here, I found that after I had given them away to those I considered required them, the poor people will walk for miles to get a few." For Coughs, Colds, and Throat Diseases they have no equal. *Sold only in boxes.*

Be patient, for the world is broad and wide.

Heart Pains.

Palpitation, Dropsical Swellings, Dizziness, Indigestion, Headache, Sleeplessness, cured by "Wells' Health Renewer."

Fiction pleases the more in proportion as it resembles truth.

The Dude's Lament.

I'm a Dude, Dandy Dude,
You can tell by the cut of my fashion,
And my hair *is not* all there,
For Carboline *was not* my passion.

Do not wait to strike till the iron is hot, but make it hot by striking.

"Buchu-Paiba."

Quick, complete cure, all Kidney, Bladder and Urinary Diseases, Scalding, Irritation, Stone, Gravel, Catarrah of the Bladder. $1. Druggists.

Nothing present is so barren but that there are fertile fields beyond.

Our acts make or mar us; we are the children of our own deeds.

Dried Pumpkin Pies.—Soak the pumpkin over night after washing carefully, put on in the same water to boil, and cook gently several hours, careful not to scorch it; drain off the water left in it for brown bread, sift through a colander. Take of this a cupful, stir in a tablespoonful of flour, two beaten eggs, a teacupful of sugar, a good teaspoonful of salt, a teaspoonful each of cinnamon, allspice and ginger, good milk to make three pies. Bake moderately an hour or more.

When one has had a fever, and the hair is falling off, take a teacup of sage, steep it in a quart of soft water, strain it off into a tight bottle. Sponge the head with the tea frequently, wetting the roots of the hair.

How Women Differ from Men.

At least three men on the average jury are bound to disagree with the rest just to show that they've got minds of their own; but there is no disagreement among the women as to the merits of Dr. Pierce's "*Favorite Prescription.*" They are all unanimous in pronouncing it the best remedy in the world for all those chronic diseases, weaknesses and complaints peculiar to their sex. It transforms the pale, haggard, dispirited woman, into one of sparkling health, and the ringing laugh again "reigns supreme" in the happy household.

The virtuous man is happy in this world, and he will be happy in the next.

Human Calves.

An exchange says:—"Nine-tenths of the unhappy marriages result from human calves being allowed to run at large in society pastures." Nine-tenths of the chronic or lingering diseases of to-day originate in impure blood, liver complaint or biliousness, resulting in scrofula, consumption (which is but scrofula of the lungs), sores, ulcers, skin diseases and kindred affections. Dr. Pierce's "Golden Medical Discovery" cures all these. Of Druggists.

Never repine at the good fortune of others, for many are there who wish to be raised to your station.

* * * * The worst pile tumors cured in ten days, rupture in one month. Pamphlet two (3ct.) stamps. World's Dispensary Medical Association, Buffalo, N. Y.

Hope is like the cork to the net, which keeps the soul from sinking in despair.

In thirty years' successful experience in the manufacture of 150,000 instruments, the Mason & Hamlin Company have accumulated facilities for manufacture without which they could neither produce as good organs as they now make, nor with as great economy. Said an experienced manufacturer in witnessing the operation of a single machine in their factory recently: "One boy with that machine does as much work as ten skilled workmen could do without it, and does it better at that."

These accumulated facilities, including experienced and skilled workmen, are the secret of their producing organs which are unquestionably the best, yet can be sold at prices which are little more than those of the poorest.—*Boston Traveller.*

To correct an evil which already exists is not so wise as to foresee and prevent it.

"Rough on Rats."

Clears out rats, mice, roaches, flies, ants, bed-bugs, skunks, chipmunks, gophers. 15c. Druggists.

Custom will often blind one to the good, as well as to the evil effects of any long-established system.

For dyspepsia, indigestion, depression of spirits and general debility, in their various forms; also as a preventive against fever and ague and other intermittent fevers, the "Ferro-Phosphorated Elixir of Calisaya" made by Caswell, Hazard & Co., New York, and sold by all Druggists, is the best tonic; and for patients recovering from fever or other sickness, it has no equal.

To become an able man in any profession there are three things necessary—nature, study and practice.

Piso's Remedy for Catarrh is a certain cure for that very obnoxious disease.

Recollect every day the things seen, heard or read which makes an addition to your understanding.

Dr. Kline's Great Nerve Restorer is the marvel of the age for all nerve diseases. All fits stopped free. Send to 931 Arch Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

The confirmed predjudices of a thoughtful life are as hard to change as the confirmed habits of an indolent life.

"Rough on Corns."

Ask for Wells' "Rough on Corns." 15c. Quick, complete cure. Hard or soft corns, warts, bunions.

There is some help for all the defects of fortune.

HOSTETTER'S
CELEBRATED

STOMACH
BITTERS

Hostetter's Stomach Bitters is a fine blood depurent, a rational cathartic, and a superb antibilious specific. It rallies the failing energies of the debilitated, and checks premature decay. Fever and ague, bilious remittent, dyspepsia and bowel complaints are among the evils which it entirely removes. In tropical countries, where the liver and bowels are organs most unfavorably affected by the combined influence of climate, diet and water, it is a very necessary safeguard. For sale by all Druggists and Dealers generally.

45 393

PILES "Anakesis" gives INSTANT RELIEF, and is an INFALLIBLE CURE for PILES. Price $1, at druggists, or sent prepaid by mail. Samples FREE. Address, "ANAKESIS" Makers, BOX 2416, NEW YORK.

DEBILITY of the Generative Organs quickly cured by the CIVIALE METHOD. Adopted in all the Hospitals of France. Prompt return of Vigor. Simple cases, $3 to $5. Severe ones, $8 to $12. Pamphlet Free. Civiale Remedial Agency, 161 Fulton St., N.Y.

Two prisoners in the Texas Penitentiary were talking about the management of the institution.

"They say this institution ain't self-supporting," remarked Convict No. 1.

"That's because it ain't managed properly. If I had charge, it would not only be self-supporting, but it would make money besides."

"Yes, you brute, you would work the poor prisoners nearly to death, so as to make money out of them."

"No, I wouldn't. I'd do most of the work myself. All I want is the materials and the implements, and I'd turn out silver half dollars faster than you could count them. Just give me a chance, and this institution will just coin money."

Great Editor—"What! You don't want to go to school?"

Chip of Old Block—"No, I don't, It's nicer to play."

"But you said only yesterday, my son that you wanted to be a great editor like your papa."

"Yes sir, I learned to write last season."

"So because you can write, now, you think it unnecessary to learn any more, eh? But you know you can't spell. You miss every other word, and you have not yet begun grammar."

"Yes, sir."

"Very well. Now what would you do if you became an editor, and your writings should come out in the paper all crowded with mistakes?"

"Blame it on the printer."

Farmer John—"Wall, wall! Edication is a great thing, arter all. Here is this book that artist chap left here. Ef I'd known what it says I'd made my fortune years ago, and it ain't too late yet."

Mrs. John—"Is it about painting pictures?"

"No; it's about colors. It says, 'Light blue when contrasted with very dark blue appears white.'"

"Why John, I cant see what difference that makes. It's no use to us."

"It aint? Well, you see, I'll double the sales of my milk in a week."

"How under the canopy can you do that, John?"

"I'll paint our milk wagon very dark blue."

A man entered a store the other day and began to warble "Sweet Violets." "What the dickens are you making that racket here for?" cried the proprietor, picking up a club and advancing threateningly toward the singer. "Why, I see in your window some goods labelled 'Going for a Song,' and 'Sweet Violets' is the only song I know." He was permitted to depart uninjured.

"Pa, what kind of boats do the Chinese have?"

"Junks, my son."

"Just like ours?"

"No, we don't have junks."

"Then how is it you say our navy does nothing but junk it?"

"There, there, Johnny, don't ask so many questions."

Restaurant keeper—"John, what kind of meat did you order to-day?"

Steward—"Veal, sir."

"Only veal?"

"Yes, sir."

Then he sat down and wrote on the bill of fair: "Chicken pot-pie, chicken salad, Irish stew, roast veal, beef a la mode, corn beef hash, veal pot-pie"

"Have you weak eyes?" said a lady to an applicant for a kitchen position who wore blue spectacles.

"No ma'am," said the applicant, "but I scour pots and things so thoroughly that the glitter of 'them hurts my sight,"

"Now," said a gentleman to a negro whom he had just employed, "I want you to come early every morning. I propose to pay you well and I want you to work." "Want me ter work, yer say!" "Of course I do." "Dat lets me out den. I don't 'ject ter de pay, an' I'd jes' as soon hire out, but I doan wanter work. Good day, sah."

A young man who had led a rather fast life finally got married to a wealthy but rather warm tempered young lady. After the ceremony was over, his father in-law said: "I hope you'll not get yourself into any more foolish scrapes." "No, I guess I'll not get into any more scrapes. I reckon I'll never get out of this one.

"Say, pa, did you ever live in a conservatory?" asked the small boy. "No, my son. Why do you ask a question like that?" "Well, this morning, when you were talking to old Mrs. Jump about them coachman elopements I heard her whisper something to her husband about your living in a glass house." Pa now does his own priving.

The body of a noted horse-thief and all around "rustler," known as Black Pete, was last week found in the lava beds below Cebello, with a bullet hole in his head. The Coroner's jury returned a verdict of "killed by a thunder-bolt from heaven."

"How are you coming out in your parish?" asked an Episcopal bishop of one of his rectors. The rector, who was a speculator in cotton before he became converted, lifted up his eyes and said: "I am long on slippers and book marks, but rather short on suspenders."

Two men were quarreling about polities on an Austin street car.

"If Cleveland is elected there will be a general paralysis."

"So much the better for me—I'm a doctor."

Wife—"John, our coachman must go."

"But, why, my dear? Our only daughter is married."

"Yes, but—I'm not so very old myself, you know."

"Sweet to the sweet," snickered the dude as he passed the pretty young lady boarder the sugar. "Like cures like," she replied, handing him the cold veal.

A sign in town reads: "Neutral Boot and Shoe Store." A neutral boot, as we construe it is one that doesn't "run down" either side.

St. JACOBS OIL
TRADE MARK
19

THE GREAT
GERMAN REMEDY
FOR PAIN.
CURES
Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Sciatica,
Lumbago, Backache, Headache, Toothache,
Sore Throat, Swellings, Sprains, Bruises,
Burns, Scalds, Frost Bites,
AND ALL OTHER BODILY PAINS AND ACHES.
Sold by Druggists and Dealers everywhere. Fifty Cents a bottle.
Directions in 11 Languages.
THE CHARLES A. VOGELER CO.
(Successors to A. VOGELER & CO.) Baltimore, Md., U. S. A.

GAIN
Health and Happiness.
How? DO AS OTHERS HAVE DONE.

Are your Kidneys disordered?
"Kidney Wort brought me from my grave, as it were, after I had been given up by 13 best doctors in Detroit." M. W. Deveraux, Mechanic, Ionia, Mich.

Are your nerves weak?
"Kidney-Wort cured me from nervous weakness &c., after I was not expected to live."—Mrs. M. M. B. Goodwin, Ed. *Christian Monitor* Cleveland, O.

Have you Bright's Disease?
"Kidney-Wort cured me when my water was just like chalk and then like blood."
Frank Wilson, Peabody, Mass.

Suffering from Diabetes?
"Kidney-Wort is the most successful remedy I have ever used. Gives almost immediate relief."
Dr. Phillip C. Ballou, Monkton, Vt.

Have you Liver Complaint?
"Kidney-Wort cured me of chronic Liver Diseases after I prayed to die."
Henry Ward, late Col. 69th Nat. Guard, N. Y.

Is your Back lame and aching?
"Kidney-Wort, (1 bottle) cured me when I was so lame I had to roll out of bed."
C. M. Tallmage, Milwaukee, Wis.

Have you Kidney Disease?
"Kidney-Wort made me sound in liver and kidneys after years of unsuccessful doctoring. Its worth $10 a box."—Sam'l Hodges, Williamstown, West Va.

Are you Constipated?
"Kidney-Wort causes easy evacuations and cured me after 16 years use of other medicines."
Nelson Fairchild, St. Albans, Vt.

Have you Malaria?
"Kidney-Wort has done better than any other remedy I have ever used in my practice."
Dr. R. K. Clark, South Hero, Vt.

Are you Bilious?
"Kidney-Wort has done me more good than any other remedy I have ever taken."
Mrs. J. T. Galloway, Elk Flat, Oregon.

Are you tormented with Piles?
"Kidney-Wort permanently cured me of bleeding piles. Dr. W. C. Kline recommended it to me."
Geo. H. Horst, Cashier M. Bank, Myerstown, Pa.

Are you Rheumatism racked?
"Kidney-Wort cured me, after I was given up to die by physicians and I had suffered thirty years."
Elbridge Malcolm, West Bath, Maine.

Ladies, are you suffering?
"Kidney-Wort cured me of peculiar troubles of several years standing. Many friends use and praise it." Mrs. H. Lamoreaux, Isle La Motte, Vt.

If you would Banish Disease and gain Health, Take
1
KIDNEY-WORT
THE BLOOD CLEANSER.

Hale's Honey
OF
Horehound and Tar

FOR PERSONS OF ALL AGES. A WONDERFUL CURE FOR COUGHS, COLDS, CROUP, WHOOPING COUGH, BRONCHITIS, AND CONSUMPTION. IT BANISHES COUGHS (acute or chronic) and BREAKS UP COLDS like magic; IT CURES, in fact, where other remedies have failed.
Keep it in readiness. Of all Druggists at 50c. and $1—largest, cheapest. LOOK OUT FOR IMITATIONS.
Pike's Toothache Drops Cure in one minute. German Corn Remover kills Corns and Bunions.

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ELY'S
CREAM BALM
CURES COLD IN HEAD
CATARRH
ROSE-COLD
HAY-FEVER
DEAFNESS
HEADACHE
EASY TO USE
PRICE 50 CENTS
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Cream Balm
Causes no Pain.
Gives Relief at Once.
Thorough Treatment will Cure.
Not a Liquid or Snuff.
Apply into Nostrils.
Give it a Trial.
50 cents at Druggists. 60 cents by mail registered. Sample by mail 10 cents. Send for circular.
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HUNT'S
KIDNEY & LIVER
REMEDY
NEVER KNOWN TO FAIL

Endorsed by Physicians.

IT IS A SPECIFIC FOR Kidney & Liver Troubles, Bladder, Urinary and Liver Diseases, Dropsy, Gravel and Diabetes.

IT IS RELIABLE in curing Bright's Disease, Pains in the Back, Loins or Sides, Retention or Non-Retention of Urine.

Price $1.25. Send for Illustrated Pamphlet to
HUNT'S REMEDY CO., Providence, R. I.
SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS.

LYDIA E. PINKHAM'S
VEGETABLE COMPOUND
IS A POSITIVE CURE FOR
All those painful Complaints and Weaknesses so common to our best FEMALE POPULATION.
Price $1 in liquid, pill or lozenge form.

Its purpose is solely for the legitimate healing of disease and the relief of pain, and that it does all it claims to do, thousands of ladies can gladly testify.

It will cure entirely all Ovarian troubles, Inflammation and Ulceration, Falling and Displacements, and consequent Spinal Weakness, and is particularly adapted to the Change of Life.

It removes Faintness, Flatulency, destroys all craving for stimulants, and relieves Weakness of the Stomach. It cures Bloating, Headaches, Nervous Prostration, General Debility, Sleeplessness, Depression and Indigestion. That feeling of bearing down, causing pain, and backache, is always permanently cured by its use.

Send stamp to Lynn, Mass., for pamphlet. Letters of inquiry confidentially answered. *For sale at druggists.*

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Lying Agents can't SELL and tell the truth about JONES. Put your lies on paper and sign if you dare.
U. S. STANDARD
$60.5 TON
WAGON SCALES.
Beam Box. Tare Beam. Freight Paid. Free Price List. Every Size. address JONES OF BINGHAMTON, BINGHAMTON, N. Y.

AGENTS WANTED for two new fast-selling articles. Samples free. C. E. Marshall, Lockport, N.Y.

LARGE set samples prettiest chromo school reward diplomas, merit, credit, birth day, christmas, new year, scripture cards, &c., 20c. Art Pub. Co., Warren, Pa.

25 c. EACH or 5 for $1., by mail, Hair Renewer, Voice Troches, Beauty Balm, Vigor Tonic, Beard Grower—Oilparec Co. Phila. Pa.

THE FOLLOWING LETTERS

Are selected from a large number that have been received by **Dr. J. H. SCHENCK** of Philadelphia, in regard to his **REMEDIES FOR THE CURE OF CONSUMPTION.**

Those who are afflicted or threatened with any Disease of the Lungs will be well repaid by giving them a careful reading.

They are all plain statements of fact, without one word of misrepresentation. This can be proved by anyone who will take the trouble to call on or write to the people who sign them.

FROM SPRINGFIELD, MASS.

Consumption Can be Cured.

Dr. J. H. Schenck.

Dear Sir:—About sixteen years ago, while living in Canada, my health became very poor. My disease came on gradually, beginning with a loss of appetite and afterwards great weakness, which brought on night-sweats and a dry, hacking cough. My chest and back were very weak, and so sore that I could not bear my weight against the back of a chair. At different times I raised considerable blood, which my physician said came from the lungs. I employed several doctors, but they all told me the same thing—that my lungs were badly affected; and the last one that I had also said that I could live but a short time, and that I had better go to my mother's home in Winstead, Ct., as soon as I could, that with careful nursing I might live for some time. When I got to my mother's I was very low indeed, so that my mother sent for her doctor. He pronounced me beyond all help. He, however, left me some medicine which he said would relieve my worst symptoms. After this my mother employed another doctor, who said that one of my lungs was nearly gone. I ate scarcely anything for several months, and never expected to get well. One day a friend, who lives in Collinsville, Ct., gave my father one of your pamphlets on Consumption. He brought it home and told me to look it over and see if any of the cases described in it were like mine. I read the book through, and found so many cases described there that seemed as bad as mine, that were cured, that I began to hope that I too might recover by using the medicines. My father finding that they were not kept in Winstead, sent to New York and got a supply. In one week after I began their use my night-sweats ceased, and my appetite began to improve. In two weeks after this I was much better in every way. I commenced to use the medicines in March; in July I felt quite strong; in two months more I was well, and I have had good health ever since. I believe that I would not be alive to-day but for the use of your medicines, as all the doctors I had said my disease was Consumption, and that I was incurable. Yours truly,

MRS. CHAS. W. PLUMMER,
274 Main St., Springfield, Mass.

April 29, 1881.

From the Rev. Stephen Roese.

Maiden Rock, Pierce Co., Wis., June 15, 1879.
Dr. J. H. Schenck, Philadelphia,

Worthy Gentleman:—It is with a feeling of gratitude I seat myself to write you this letter. A little over a year ago I received from you a small box of your valuable medicines, **Pulmonic Syrup, Seaweed Tonic and Mandrake Pills**, for my wife, who had been very sick for many years with female weakness and weak lungs. She had had two severe attacks of Pneumonia, and our physician gave it as his opinion—as from her great debility—that she could not live through the third one. She began to take your remedies according to directions, and we immediately saw great improvement in all her symptoms. She was soon free from her cough, and began to gain in flesh rapidly. At this date she is perfectly well.

I wish to add that your Pulmonic Syrup is the only medicine I have ever found that gives relief in my bronchial complaint, usually called clergyman's sore throat. During the winter season, if I speak much in public, I often suffer from it, but your Pulmonic Syrup gives me immediate relief, and strengthens my voice.

Since my wife's cure I have recommended it to many of my neighbors, who have used it with great benefit in coughs and colds.

Yours truly, REV. STEPHEN ROESE,
Missionary for American Baptist Pub. Society,
Maiden Rock, Pierce Co., Wisconsin.

The Rev. Mr. Roese again writes, under date of *April 7, 1882:*

My wife's health remains good, showing that your medicine have made a perfect and permanent cure. I think your Pulmonic Syrup the best cough remedy in the world. I am advertising you wherever I go in my travels.

Hereditary Consumption Cured.

Dr Schenck,

Dear Sir:—In the autumn of 1877 I had a severe cough, with terrible pain in my sides and between my shoulders. I had very little appetite, and what little I could eat only distressed me. I consulted physicians; who said my condition was a very bad one, and gave me five different cough syrups and tonics, from which I received no benefit, but seemed to grow worse, and kept losing flesh and strength. I had night-sweats, and sweat most of the time during the day. I coughed and raised blood and a salt, foamy phlegm; my throat was filled with ulcers, I could hardly swallow; sometimes I could not speak a loud word for weeks; my lungs grew more painful every day, with difficult breathing, while pleurisy pains would almost stop my breath. I had colic pains, sour stomach, and vomiting up everything I ate. My whole body was filled with pain. I could not lie down, but had to recline in a sitting posture to breathe. I gave up, and did not think of ever getting up again, as it was hard moving myself; my feet and ankles began to swell badly, and my hips had given out long before. In this sinking condition I thought I would try your remedy for Consumption; it might do me some good; it could do no harm, for I was certain I could not live a month longer the way I was. At that time, May, 1878, I procured your **Pulmonic Syrup, Seaweed Tonic** and **Mandrake Pills**, and took them as directed. In a week I was better, and began to throw off from the lungs a greenish yellow matter streaked with blood. I could eat a little without throwing it up, the pains in my sides were not so severe; I could sleep an hour very soundly, and that was what I had not done for three months.

I took your medicines steadily six months; my cough got better, I did not sweat so bad nights, kept gaining slowly, and in a year after I began your medicines I could say I felt well. I began to gain flesh, and last September weighed one hundred and thirty-five pounds—fifteen pounds more than I ever weighed before in my life.

Your medicines, I know, saved my life; and I would say, from my own experience, to all Consumptives, take Dr. Schenck's medicines, for they will certainly cure you. I had Consumption, it is hereditary in our family, my father and two brothers having died of it. I have had better health the past winter than for ten years previous.

Yours respectfully,
MRS. SARAH A. CARTER.

Carlisle, Mass, April 5, 1880.

From Philadelphia.

Dr. J. H. Schenck & Son:

Gentlemen:—Last November I was afflicted with a severe cough, which settled on my lungs. I returned to Rochester, N. Y., my home; and on examination by two of the best physicians, found my lungs badly affected. I had a severe hemorrhage, and was given up by my friends, who never expected me to return to Philadelphia, where I was engaged in business; but a Mr. Babcock, a friend, brought me a bottle of your Pulmonic Syrup, and from that time on I began to improve; and after taking the second bottle I gained 15 pounds, and am still gaining, and can cheerfully recommend your Medicines to anyone who is afflicted with lung troubles.

Yours Respectfully,
G. W. DUNHAM,
No. 222 N. Thirteenth St., Philadelphia.

May 21, 1884.

Dr. J. H. SCHENCK
Can be Consulted, Free of Charge, at his Principal Office,
Cor. SIXTH & ARCH STREETS,
PHILADELPHIA,
Every Monday, Office Hours from 9 A. M. to 3 P. M.

Also at GRAND CENTRAL HOTEL, Broadway, opposite Bond Street, New York City, on the first Wednesday and Thursday of every month except August. Office hours, 10 A. M. to 3 P. M.

DR. SCHENCK'S MEDICINES:
MANDRAKE PILLS,
SEAWEED TONIC,
and **PULMONIC SYRUP,**

Are sold by all Druggists, and full directions for their use are printed on the wrappers of every package. His Book on Consumption, Liver Complaint and Dyspepsia, is sent free to all, post-paid. Address, Dr. J. H. Schenck & Son, Philadelphia, Pa.

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GLASS FOUNT
STUDENT LAMP

[Pat. Nov. 22, '81.]
Combining with our Self-Acting Valve and Non-Heating Burner, the one thing needed to make an *Absolutely Perfect Lamp.*
No running over of the oil nor leaking of the fount. Ask for the Perfection Glass Fount Student Lamp. Manufactured and for sale, at wholesale only, by the
Manhattan Brass Co.,
First Ave. & 29th St., N. Y.
Send for Illustrated Explanatory Circular.

MASON & HAMLIN
100 STYLES ORGANS $22 TO $900.
HIGHEST HONORS AT ALL GREAT WORLD'S EXHIBITIONS FOR SEVENTEEN YEARS.
Only American Organs Awarded such at any.
For Cash, Easy Payments or Rented.
UPRIGHT PIANOS
presenting THE HIGHEST EXCELLENCE YET ATTAINED in such instruments; adding to all previous improvements one of greater value than any; securing most pure, refined, musical tones and increased durability; especially avoiding liability to get out of tune. Illustrated Catalogues free.
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"LINENE" Reversible Collars and Cuffs, Turn down collars, Rubens, Angelo, Raphael. The new standing style, MURILLO, is REVERSIBLE, same as the turn down styles. The top edge has a smooth, round fold that cannot fray.

Several webs of Fine Muslin, starched together, form the FABRIC. It is polished on both sides and cut into collars and cuffs with no wrong side. Double use. Adjust perfectly. No rough edges. Worth a trial. Ten for 25 cts. at stores. Two Gold Medals and Bronze Medal awarded at M. C. M. A. Fair, Boston, 1881. Collar and pair cuffs, any size, to try, postpaid for SIX cts. Fabric and circulars free. Mention this paper. Reversible Collar Co., Factory, Cambridge, Mass.

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In the human body ERADICATED by using
CLARK'S INFALLIBLE WORM SYRUP!
An old-time remedy. Safe and effectual in its action. Price 25 cents a bottle.
FOR SALE BY DRUGGISTS.

FITS STOPPED FREE
Marvelous success.
Insane Persons Restored
Dr. KLINE'S GREAT NERVE RESTORER
for all Brain & Nerve Diseases. *Only sure cure for Nerve Affections, Fits, Epilepsy, etc.* INFALLIBLE if taken as directed. *No Fits after first day's use.* Treatise and $2 trial bottle free to Fit patients, they paying express charges on box when received. Send names, P. O. and express address of afflicted to Dr. KLINE, 931 Arch St., Philadelphia, Pa. See Druggists. BEWARE OF IMITATING FRAUDS.

25 CTS. PISO'S CURE FOR 25 CTS.
CURES WHERE ALL ELSE FAILS.
Best Cough Syrup. Tastes good. Use in time. Sold by druggists.
CONSUMPTION

THE GREAT AMERICAN TEA COMPANY
GOOD NEWS TO LADIES!
Greatest inducements ever offered. Now's your time to get up orders for our celebrated Teas and Coffees, and secure a beautiful Gold Band or Moss Rose China Tea Set, or Handsome Decorated Dinner Set, or Gold Band Moss Rose Decorated Toilet Set. For full particulars address
THE GREAT AMERICAN TEA CO.,
P. O. Box 289, 31 and 33 Vesey St., New York.

RUPTURE Cure guaranteed by Dr. J. B. Mayer, the successful specialist. Ease at once; no operation or delay from business; tested by hundreds of cures. 831 Arch St., Phila. Send for circular. Advice free.

WE WANT 1000 BOOK AGENTS for the new book THIRTY-THREE YEARS AMONG
OUR WILD INDIANS
By Gen. DODGE and Gen. SHERMAN. The fastest selling book out. Indorsed by Pres't Arthur, Gen's Grant, Sherman, Sheridan, and thousands of Eminent Judges, Clergymen, Editors, etc., as "*The Best and Finest Illustrated Indian Book Ever Published.*" It takes like wildfire, and Agents sell 19 to 20 a day. 75,000 sold. Its *Great Authorship* and *Solid Merit* make it the booming book for Agents. Send for Circulars, Specimen Plate, Extra Terms, etc., to A. D. WORTHINGTON & CO., Hartford, Conn.

AGENTS WANTED for the LIVES of
BLAINE AND LOGAN
By Col. Thos. W. Knox. Outsells all others 10 to 1. Authorized, Authentic, Impartial, Complete, the *Best* and *Cheapest*. 500 pages $1.50. *Sells like wildfire.* 50 per cent. to Agents. Outfit *Free*. *Freights paid.* Send for Extra Terms, etc., to HARTFORD PUBLISHING CO., Hartford, Conn.

THE CENTRE REPORTER.

CENTRE HALL, PA., Nov. 19, 1884.

TERMS.—$2 per year in advance. $2.50 when not in advance. Advertisements 2 cents per line for three insertions. One colum per year $90—½ colum $45.

☞Hereafter all subscribers paying their subscription in advance, will get a credit of two months additional as a premium on $2 in advance.

An Entire New Store!

CLERKS, GOODS, FIXTURES AND ALL HAS

—BEEN ADDED THIS WEEK TO THE—

"SUPPLY DEPOT,"

FULL BEFORE. THIS MAKES AN OVERFLOW.

WE OFFER BARGAINS TO MAKE ROOM.

—A HINT TO THE WISE IS SUFFICIENT.—

G. R. SPIGELMYER,

SPRING MILLS, PA.

Dress Trimmings, Pasmentries, Fringes, Ornaments, Furs, &c., Sewing Silicia, Drilling Cambric, Italian Cloth, Gilbert Twills, Velvets from 48 cts. to $6 per yard. Braid—all the fashionable styles in Gold mixed; Solid Gold Hercules—in all widths—No. 29 star, etc. In Merino Hosiery and Underwear we carry undoubtedly the largest line. 200 shades in Embroidering Silk, Jersey Collars and Cuffs; all the fashionable novelties—little buckles and clasps, a neat pretty and inexpensive ornament for Dresses and Coats.

D. GARMAN & SON.

BUSH'S ARCADE. *Bellefonte,* 1884.

LOCAL ITEMS.

Solve the great puzzle at the Bee Hive.

Velvets and fur—Garmans.

——Mr. Hess' grain-house at Linden Hall is ready for business.

—Rev. Koser, of the Pine Grove Mills Lutheran charge, has resigned.

— Grenoble's grain house at the railroad station is up.

——Mr. D. Wian, of near Bellefonte, favored the "Reporter" with a visit, and a short chat.

——Mr. J. Henry Keller, of this place, this week, goes to Kansas, possibly if he can suit himself, to make it his home.

——Wolf & Grove have the lumber contrac for the Centre Hall railroad station.

——Mr. Elias Garver, formerly of this place, has been elected to the Missouri legislature, for the third time, from Grant county. Mr. Garver seems to be popular out there, and what is better sticks to Democratic principles.

—We are indebted to our whilom townsman, Philip Mersinger, for a copy of Illustrated History of Joliet, of which town he has become one of the prominent dealers in musical instruments and sewing machines.

——Jacob Meese, with his separator, threshed 910 bushels of grain, on Wednesday, 12, at Lingle's barn, near Centre Hall. This is a big threshing, and hard to beat.

——Men, women and children, of all conditions, can be suited in boots and shoes at Mingle's, in the Brockerhoff house block.

——At an oratorical contest, to be held by the two literary societies of Lewisburg University, on Friday evening, Rev. Fischer, of this place, has been selected as one of the judges.

——The work on the Lemont and Bellefonte branch of our railroad is progressing very rapidly, and rails will be laid before spring, as we are assured—and then we expect Bellefonte will "set 'em up."

——Mr. J. O. Deininger, having purchased several lots near the railroad station, intends to erect carriage shops on them next spring.

——Mr. Condo, of Spring Mills, salesman for a Philadelphia house, popped in to see us. He is one of the stavenest Democrats on the American soil.

— Millheim had a grand jubilee, illumination, fire works, and bonfire, in honor of Cleveland's election, on Tuesday night. We did not get the particulars.

——Our black silk at 76cts, $1, $1.10 $1.25 are 40 per cent under value. Greatest bargain at Bee Hive.

——We are in earnest when we say that money has been coming in so slowly that we can not meet cash expenses. Persons indebted to us on subscription or other work, will favor us greatly by a remittance—we never "dun" unless obliged to do so. A part remittance, where all is not possible, will be acceptable too.

——The Democracy held quite a lively racket at Centre Hall on Thursday evening, 13th. A delegation of horsemen, with D. C. Runkle as captain, escorted the Loop band and delegation to town, and a parade was had through town. Anvils were kept booming all evening, and later the Farmers Mills band also arrived; an address was had by J. L. Spangler, after which a tar barrel, on a high pole, was planted in the square and burned. The barrel had been kept by John Rishel over 20 years, awaiting the jollification upon the election of a Democratic President.

Ladies Plush garments made to order at the Bee Hive.

Have you seen the 75c and $1 horse blankets at the Bee Hive?

If you want to save money on bed blankets and laps, go to the Bee Hive.

GRAND JOLLIFICATION AT BELLEFONTE.

Last Friday night will ever be remembered by Bellefonte people, on account of the magnificent demonstration in honor of the election of Grover Cleveland. The town was crowded to its utmost—delegations from Pennsvalley, Nittanyvalley, and other sections of the county were in town. There were ten brass bands. The residences of Democrats were magnificently illuminated. Fire-works were whizzing in all quarters, a parade of a mile's length made the round of the streets, and everybody seemed to be happy and one continued thunder of hurrahs went up to the clear and star-bespangled welkin.

At 9 a meeting was organized in the court house, with Judge Orvis as chairman. The Judge was greeted with rounds of applause and made one of his solid, forcible, old-time speeches. Judge Orvis' retirement from the bench is a fortunate thing for the Democracy of the county and state—it brings him back to the immediate work in the party, with his wise counsel and ability upon the stump. He was followed by Gephart, Fortney, Heinle and lastly by Gov. Curtin—the crowded house at once rose upon its feet and swinging hats and canes and ringing cheers greeted his appearance in a manner never before witnessed in that court-room. His speech was eloquent and pleasing, earnest and happy, and he sent the crowd home thinking more of him than ever.

There was the best order throughout the entire jollification.

SPRING MILLS' JOLLIFICATION.

Spring Mills had a grand jollification over Cleveland's election, on Monday. Being laid up with a severe cold taken at the Bellefonte jubilee, we were not able to be present; learn, however, that there was a large crowd, parade, fireworks, speeches, music, and lots of cheering. The houses were brilliantly illuminated, and those on the hill, the hotel, McCool's, and others, made a fine show. On the mountain above there was an immense bonfire, which threw its glare miles around, and some of the Repub's found it light enough to proceed with their journey up Salt river. The fire works were the finest yet set off in the valley.

——A large American flag, suspended from Fisher's store to a house opposite, in Penn Hall, in honor of Cleveland, was stolen Monday night, by Republicans of course. The American flag should be safe against any Vandal hand even, and it is the last thing we thought a Blaineite would dishonor himself by stealing it. The Penn Hall Democrats will have patriotism enough to get another of the Stars and Stripes, and if the Republicans don't feel ashamed of the first theft why let them steal the new one too. We also learn that during the jollification, on same night at Spring Mills, by the Democrats, all the drums had their strings cut, by some one who of course not a Democrat. Such conduct would show that there are Blaine folks who have no regard for the rights and property of Democrats, and that if they could prevent it, there would be no privilege or freedom for us, and no respect for the will of the majority as expressed at the ballot-box. Decent Republicans, of course, will not countenance such deeds of Vandalism.

FROM KANSAS.

BELOIT, Kas., Nov. 1.

MR. EDITOR:—I thought I would write you a letter from our state. I have been through Missouri, Illinois, Michigan, Ohio, Indiana and was born in Pennsylvania, and of all these I think Soloman valley is the most beautiful and fertile country I ever saw. It has a healthy climate, from 4 to 6 weeks winter, plenty of good, fresh water, good building stone and any amount of fruit trees growing and apple orchards bearing abundantly. We have cherries, peaches, plumbs, pears, grapes, and a variety of other fruits and berries. The soil is adapted to all kinds of grain you wish to grow. I helped to thresh wheat that yielded 45 bushels to the acre; rye runs from 30 to 60 bu.; oats from 30 to 70 bu.; corn averages from 40 to 100 bu. I have been husking some corn for Mr. James that averages 95 to 100 bu. shelled corn to the acre and is called yellow Dent. He is also the most successful broom-corn raiser in Soloman valley, growing from two to four thousand dollars worth a year, and deals largely in stock. There seem to be a great many people getting their eyes open and are coming to Kansas; of course there is a great deal of moving east and west. I do not know as I have done justice in this letter to any part, but will close and endeavor to do better next time. FAIR-PLAY.

——We heard one of the best citizens of this county, a few days ago, express his admiration of the excellent arrangement, completeness of assortment, and general perfectness of Sechler's grocery. We give this as a truth, not as an idle notice, and it is what all will assert who have looked through that model grocery store. The success of the store is owing to the above merits, added to which are fair and honest dealing, gentlemanly treatment, and only good and fresh goods which only are fit for the table. You can get the best prices for produce at Sechlers and have No. 1 groceries for same at cash figures, and at a trifle above wholesale prices. Goods sold wholesale and retail.

LUMBER FIRE AT LOCK HAVEN.

Lock Haven, Pa., Nov. 14.—This morning at Flemington, a suburb of Lock Haven, a fire originated in the mill yard of Kreamer, Mann & Co., a large lumber firm, and spread thence to the county bridge over Bald Eagle creek, destroying that structure. In the mill yard three million feet of lumber were destroyed The estimated loss of lumber is $200,000; insurance, $175,000.

Dr. Sawbones says the surest way to take a cold is to be always hugging a stove. Young man, remember this, and when you go to see your girl on Sunday night don't spend your time hugging the stove; but if you do get a cold Dr. Kessler's Celebrated English Cough Medicine can be relied upon to cure you. 2

Did it ever occur to you, prudent and thoughtful reader, that Dr. Kessler's Celebrated English Cough Medicine must be an article of real merit, or how could the manufacturer ever be able to advertise "money refunded to dissatisfied purchasers." For sale at Murray's.

ray. JOHNSTON, HOLLOWAY & Co.,

12no2 Philadelphia Agents.

Linens for wedding presents—Garmans.

Official Returns of Centre County for 884.

BOROUGHS AND TOWNSHIPS.	Prest		Pr Jd		As Jd		Cong.		Legislature				Sh'iff		Proth		Tre'r		Commiss'ers			
	Cleveland, D.	Blaine, R.	Hoy, D.	Furst, R.	Munson, D.	Fisher, R.	Curtin, D.	Patton, R.	Rhone, D.	Woodward, D.	Love, R.	Allison, R.	Walker, D.	Royer, R.	Brett, D.	Elder, R.	Smith, D.	Hess, R.	Griest, D.	Wolf, D.	Campbell, R.	Henderson, R.
Bellefonte, North Ward	116	220	127	207	118	216	215	106	86	93	249	246	127	207	120	215	151	185	110	112	170	202
" South Ward	172	145	183	135	175	143	222	93	130	151	197	148	189	125	182	135	201	107	170	167	125	136
" West Ward	51	108	63	99	60	102	92	69	46	43	112	105	55	106	56	105	64	95	51	58	84	102
Milesburg borough	42	105	44	40	114	108	59	105	37	35	100	114	41	107	37	115	42	107	37	41	75	98
Millheim borough	133	28	116	40	127	32	137	22	105	114	39	46	110	46	131	27	131	26	114	105	39	39
Howard borough	46	114	49	47	22	24	51	69	42	46	78	69	43	76	44	75	52	68	39	44	29	76
Philipsburg, 1st Ward	55	105	53	110	80	80	59	101	53	55	108	105	58	103	56	104	54	106	56	54	75	107
" 2d Ward	117	141	124	232	137	117	127	131	114	121	144	127	122	136	117	140	118	140	122	119	86	135
" 3d Ward	59	73	59	74	71	62	60	73	54	60	76	70	63	71	59	75	57	77	61	56	44	76
Unionville borough	33	55	38	60	31	52	37	56	38	35	56	56	35	55	36	57	36	56	33	26	29	61
Benner township	164	78	158	80	153	89	176	54	162	134	85	91	155	79	162	79	167	78	164	163	69	68
Boggs twp., South	157	193	167	189	153	194	213	131	148	139	163	208	157	191	152	192	160	187	148	152	179	171
" " North	33	76	34	76	36	71	41	69	36	18	77	81	36	73	38	72	43	66	37	37	71	71
Burnside township	46	58	46	58	45	46	48	53	46	46	58	3	59	45	46	47	57	47	45	46	3	57
Curtin township	70	41	70	42	76	36	87	22	74	66	40	37	78	23	75	37	79	33	75	76	41	25
College township	113	173	170	174	85	198	174	97	55	126	151	232	107	178	116	173	111	173	115	111	188	98
Ferguson twp., Old	150	76	165	59	153	68	170	57	158	155	69	70	145	72	193	33	157	72	138	153	65	67
" " New	68	113	60	124	69	114	75	109	76	73	104	109	142	43	118	58	78	112	73	53	123	41
Gregg township, N	73	4	73	4	71	7	74	4	65	70	4	5	68	4	69	4	67	4	68	64	4	4
" " S	277	88	271	96	219	151	291	69	213	262	84	157	264	95	269	95	275	93	274	282	87	81
Haines twp., West precinct	128	93	131	90	122	101	130	93	121	129	95	97	129	94	129	95	131	93	129	128	15	95
" " East precinct	102	38	98	43	99	48	106	24	100	103	40	40	103	39	100	42	105	37	106	103	7	38
Half Moon township	36	115	34	124	39	119	52	102	42	30	89	110	57	101	24	109	44	110	34	36	71	102
Harris township	130	77	127	74	107	85	155	51	101	124	76	96	127	77	29	63	128	73	126	124	84	40
Howard township	77	114	77	109	79	139	89	105	82	73	116	114	77	119	77	129	78	116	71	78	68	118
Huston township	61	104	67	106	64	106	96	68	62	58	108	103	65	104	60	108	66	102	49	52	34	118
Liberty township	97	176	87	167	99	165	123	138	93	83	172	164	96	170	94	172	94	172	87	91	92	121
Marion township	92	45	91	42	76	57	111	27	90	93	42	40	81	54	93	44	92	44	82	83	46	40
Miles township	266	72	266	68	255	72	280	45	249	255	76	83	223	101	266	66	270	66	255	247	61	74
Patton township	60	99	62	104	72	91	70	92	69	61	97	102	71	96	65	101	62	101	57	62	57	90
Penn township	171	17	163	23	169	10	162	18	183	145	24	29	145	28	157	18	165	18	153	151	19	20
Potter twp., North precinct	159	72	158	77	154	78	180	55	164	158	52	88	160	72	162	72	164	65	154	158	56	74
" " South precinct	201	80	197	88	181	97	235	35	172	192	77	118	199	84	202	82	183	83	202	200	73	81
Rush township, South precinct	62	63	72	55	66	59	77	47	65	67	62	69	67	57	67	60	68	39	66	63	70	62
" " North "	136	104	133	150	160	85	139	97	130	132	106	102	135	104	133	105	130	107	133	129	89	100
Snow Shoe twp., East "	122	121	125	116	135	116	148	100	121	127	133	26	129	123	129	123	135	117	126	128	27	124
Snow Shoe twp., West "	93	74	74	80	78	74	83	66	74	71	77	27	68	85	79	75	71	82	70	73	24	80
Spring township	214	267	220	259	209	269	275	207	199	202	276	267	233	247	221	261	240	238	221	224	233	283
Taylor township	45	86	45	86	38	91	82	37	46	44	84	84	51	78	44	83	75	83	50	54	54	71
Union township	75	133	69	142	64	231	71	146	79	75	133	130	75	135	77	134	88	139	64	72	50	140
Walker township	199	109	188	115	157	151	206	102	178	195	117	118	200	108	200	108	194	110	187	194	96	75
Worth township	80	111	91	101	81	111	88	99	83	73	111	111	83	109	81	112	81	110	79	81	107	109
Total	4496	4057	4586	4139	4464	4206	5360	3294	4194	4324	4163	4157	4615	4035	4663	4005	4758	3927	442	4435	3030	3740

——Mr. Alfred Kreamer, of Haines, has purchased the farm of his father, Jonathan Kreamer, dec'd, in Penn twp.

— On 21 of November, 1831, a snow fell in this valley two feet in depth, which did not disappear until the following April, and there was sleighing all that winter.

——Our black silks at $1.50, $1.75, $2 and $2 25 are guaranteed not to crack or wear shiny—Bee Hive.

——Governor Pattison and President Arthur have both fixed on Thursday, Nov. 27, for Thanksgiving day.

——Rev. Weidemeyer, of Madisonburg, gave the "Reporter" a call.

——Mr. Simon Hazel, of Madisonburg, has been very ill from typhoid fever.

Plaids and dress goods—Garmans.

Flannels at a sacrifice—Garmans.

——The Centre county election returns in another column, are not reliable, we copied the table from the Bellefonte papers, but find that they vary, and it is hard to say which of them is correct, as they all should be, having access to the official tables. The totals, however, seem to correspond and likely are correct, with a few slight variations.

——There is a great scarcity of water in many parts of our valley. Springs and wells which never before were known to fail, are dry. Many farmers haul their water from Centre Hall and drive their cattle here to water.

——Tuesday was cloudy and cold, in the evening there was a slight snowfall. Wednesday morning the ground was covered with an inch of snow.

——The best and largest stock of fur caps, at the lowest prices, at the Bee Hive.

——The Pennsvalley brigade up Salt river is said to be having a hard time of it. Some are lodging in trees, some in dug-outs, others under the open sky, and crying to "go home." The worst kind of whisky sells at 30 cents a gill, and many who talked temperance down here are in the saloon business.

NOTICE.—The undersigned will be at the following places to receive school-tax: Nov. 25 at Tusseyville,
" 26 at Potters Mills,
" 28 at Centre Hall,
" 29 at Centre Hill.

A. F. HOSTERMAN, Treasurer.

Buckles and buttons—Garmans.

Skating shirts—Garmans.

Lace and Turkman curtains—Garmans.

If you want a good Truss go to the Centre Hall drug store.

Misses' and children's coats, 2 to 16 years, from $1½ up at the Bee Hive.

SPRING MILLS MARKET.

Wheat—Red	$ 80
White & Mixed	77
Rye	55
Corn, shelled, and ears old	70
Oats	30
Buckwheat	50
Barley	50
Cloverseed	5 50
Timothy seed	1 40
Plaster, ground per ton	9 00
Flour, per barrel	5 00
Roller Flour, per barrel	6 50

Butter, 25; tallow, 6; lard, 10; ham, 16; shoulde 10; bacon or side, 12; eggs per dozen, 20 cents.

Corrected weekly by I. J. Grenoble.

COAL.—Pea, 2.75; Chestnut, 4.5; Stove, 5.00 Egg, 4.75.

MARKETS.

Philadelphia, Nov. 17, 1884.
(Corrected Weekly.)

		Chicago.	Philadelphia
Corn		39½	—50
Wheat	"	71½	—79
Oats	"	25⅝	— 33¼
Pork	"	—	
Lard	"	6 85	

SAMUEL WHITE, Jr., Com'n Broker,
31 South Third Street.

LOCK HAVEN MARKET.

New potatoes, 40c; butter, 20c to 25c; young chickens, per pair, 40c; beans, per peck, 20c; eggs, 20c; beef, 8 to 10c; veal, 7 to 9c; fish, per pound, 12c; onions, per bu., 50c; cabbage, per head, 6c; apple butter, per qt., 15c; bacon, 12c; lard, 13c; apples, 50; old chickens, per pair, 50c; celery, per stock, 3c.

CAUTION.—All persons are hereby cautioned against hunting or shooting any kind of game on my premises.

12oct3t SAM'L SLACK,
Potters Mills, Pa.

BOB-SLEDS, on hand and for sale cheaper than elsewhere, made of best material, same also made to order on short notice, at the shops of J. B. Ream & Son, Farmers Mills. 22oct2m

ST. ELMO HOTEL,

No. 317 & 319 *Arch Street, Philadelphia.*

Reduced rates to $2.00 per day. The traveling public will still find at this Hotel the same liberal provision for their comfort. It is located in the immediate centres of business and places of amusement and different railroad depots, as well as all parts of the city, are easily accessible by Street Cars constantly passing the doors. It offers special inducements to those visiting the city for business or pleasure.

Your patronage respectfully solicited.

JOS. M. FEGER, Proprietor.

26dartf

N. L. Atwood, Greenback Congressman-at-Large, received the following votes: West ward, Bellefonte 1, South ward 1, Milesburg 3, Unionville 4, Benner 1, Boggs south 5, Gregg south 2, Halfmoon 2, Huston 4, Snow Shoe 1, Union 1. Total, 25.

T. P. Rynder, Greenback for Congress, 54 votes.

Jas. Black, Temperance Congressman-at-Large, had votes as follows: Milesburg 9, Unionville 4 Benner 2, Boggs S. 7, College 1, Ferguson E 4, Halfmoon 4, Huston 3, Marion 2, Miles 1, Patton 1, Penn 1, Potter N 3, Potter S 1, Snow Shoe W 1, Spring 7, Union 4, Walker 1. Total, 56.

Temperance—John Spotts, Associate Judge, had 90 votes; Legislature—W H Musser, 109; G W Currin, 65. Sheriff—Michael Myers, 7. Prothonotary—Christ. Buck, 92. Treasurer—W P Fisher, 77. Register—J Zeigler, 72. Recorder—E H Walker, 68. Commissioners—Joseph Rodgers, 59; Wm. Dale, 89. Auditors—Harvey Poorman, 73; Michael Derstine, 69.

The Lewisburg *Journal* says the Lewisburg nail works may now be said to be in operation. The furnaces and puddling department were started up on Monday of last week, and the nail machines, it is expected will be started in a short time.

——That crowd you see at Bellefonte if followed, always goes in to Mingle's shoe store, where the best bargains are always had, and the best goods in the line of boots and shoes.

TRIAL LIST.—The following cases have been set down for trial before the November court:

First Week.

W H Rishel	vs. James Lingel
John T Fowler	" John Weaver
John T Fowler	" H K Narhoff et al
James C Swineford	" Perry Dean
C Sharrer	" John McMonigal
G A Campbell	" A M McClain

Second Week.

J R and C T Alexander	vs John I Thompson
H Merriman's Ex'rs	" Wm. F Reynolds et al
Wm. H Blair	" M Thompson et al
John Spotts	" E A Russell, M D
Jacob Tomb et al	" J W Meyers et al
James G Hall	" James Bryson et al
John D Gardner	" John T Fowelr
Frank Flanigan et al	" Rush township
Centre county	" Overseers of Poor of Bellefonte bor.
Centre county	" Overseers of Poor of Snow Shoe twp.
Moses Thompson	" Central Pa. Telephone and Supply Co
John McMaite	" Austin Lynn
Elizabeth Funk	" W S Funk
John T Fowler	" E J Pruner et al
Sam'l Stine's Adm'rs	" Joseph L Neff
Enos Bush et al	" Isaac Lose
Centre county	" Overseers of Poor of Bellefonte bor
Isaac Tressler et ux	" W L Sellers
Nathan Hough	" L Shover et al
A C Iddings & Co, Lim., use of	" Overseers of Poor of Boggs township
G K Shoenberger et al	" W B Addleman et al
Harrison Gray	" Crider, Foutz & drider
L H Evarts	" A J Griest
Catharine Fultz	" Benjamin Crain et al
John R Lee	" Robert Lee's Adm'rs
Mrs. Mary A Barcroft	" Jacob McCool
McClain & Cook	" Sam'l Blacksord et al
Centre County Banking Company	" Benjamin Rich
Joseph Steer	" James Steer et al
James Nofsker	" L & T R R Co
George R Richer	" S P Rubla
J W Sholl	" Geo B Ream et al
Chas Pottorf	" Hiram Eckroth
J H Hahn	" A C Moore et al
A E Price	" T J Dunkle
D S Ewing	" Jac Eisenhuth, gurdian

List of Grand Jurors for the 4th Monday of November, 1884:

Martin Woomer, Taylor	Henry Ryman, Milesb'g
Ed. Brown, jr., Bellef'te	Michael Condo, Potter
Jesse Woodring, Worth	J W Adams, Howard t'p
A C Hinton, Snow Shoe	D L Zerby, Millheim
Geo. L Peters, Union	C D Runkle, Potter
James S Cross, ½ Moon	Jacob Fidler, Haines
Thomas Frank, Haines	M Confer, Howard twp.
Jos. Gross, Bellefonte	C J Walker, Boggs
John Rogers, Walker	J M Gramley, Miles
L G Lingle, Philipsburg	W S Tripple, Bellefonte
J W Heath, Rush	Fred Berger, Benner
Elias Lytle, Half Moon	James Martin, Marion

Traverse Jurors—1st Week.

J M Noll, Milesburg	Ed. Woods, Spring
M Poorman, Boggs	Geo. Keaster, Haines
James Alexander, Potter	David Dannes, Ferguson
John Kimport, Penn	Jacob H Wyle, Haines
A G Rodgers, Boggs	Jacob Burket, Miles
Wm. Foster, College	Israel Vonada, Gregg
Henry Emerick, Gregg	Jacob Woodring, Worth
A S Garman, Bellefonte	Aaron B Myers, Huston
David Robb, Liberty	James Cokley, Boggs
Emanuel Brown, Bell'fte	R F Mull, Philipsburg
Eph. Glenn, Patton	D G Leathers, Howard tp
Wm. Newman, Worth	J W Furey, Bellefonte
Alex. Miller, Spring	Abe. Confer, Haines
Geo. Eckle, Ferguson	Jerry Ebb, Philipsburg
M J Graham, Bellefonte	James Lingle, Boggs
Martin Hogan, Union	Charles Burley, Miles
L T Munson, Bellefonte	F T Lucas, Rush
Dan'l Ayers, Philipb'g	Miles Alexander, Hust'n
Isaac Dawson, Bellef'te	E D Noll, Milesburg
A E Graham, Liberty	John Emerick, Miles
Wm. H Stover, Haines	Thos. Boggs, Milesburg
J K Bitner, Gregg	Wm. Smith, Penn
Aaron Thomas, Potter	Walter Whippo, Walker
Henry Thompson, Lib'ty	Peter Auman, Gregg

Traverse Jurors—2d Week.

Wm. H Wyland, Harris	John Moyer, Potter
John H Swartz, Penn	J Stambaugh, Haines
D L Meek, Patton	W T Speer, Bellefonte
H W Brickley, How'd t'p	D M Miller, Ferguson
Charles Cook, College	E C Henderson, Huston
Wm. R Teller, Bellef'te	Thos. Smith, Liberty
John Arney, Potter	Henry Rice, Rush
David Ertle, Penn	John Confer, Snow Shoe
M W Cowdrick, Bellef'te	W C Wyle, Haines
Harry Schroyer, "	C Haines, Howard twp.
John Stewart, College	W W Spangler, How'd tp
Hepburn Blower, Taylor	Jesse Garrett, Miles
Wm. Irvin, jr., Marion	Wm. Glenn, College
S A Stover, Bellefonte	Dallas Cronister, Hust'n
Jacob Smith, Unionville	O M Sheets, Snow Shoe
Martin Smith, Ferguson	Miles Mattern, Potter
J M Harter, Gregg	Thos. Merryman, Taylor
Geo. Harter, Potter	Jas. Everhart, College

LOST.—A 1½ year old bull, with white under the belly has been missing since June. The finder will be suitably rewarded by reporting to undersigned. JOHN GUISER, Hublersburg. 3t

CENTRE HALL MEAT MARKET.—The Centre Hall Meat-market having a refrigerator families can at all times be supplied with fresh meats, of best quality, also bologna sausage. Next door to hotel; open day and evening.

14may tf HENRY BOOZER.

LINDEN HALL ITEMS.

We hear a number of our citizens expect to attend the inauguration of Grover Cleveland on March 4. Some of our leading Democrats were at the Bellefonte jollification Friday evening, and Saturday evening we turned out en mass to Boalsburg, headed by the Linden Hall band. After parading the streets and giving the town a general shake-up, speeches were made by Messrs. Heinle and Fortney. Every thing passed off decently with the exception of a few half-witted Republicans who kept up a continual howl for poor "Jim" during the speaking. The new house originally intended for W. K. Alexander is now completed, and will soon be occupied by another gentleman. We suggest that W. K. secure the proprietor's mansion after he starts up Salt river. The happiest, proudest, and the only man who don't recognize us at present, is P. H. Meyer since he is papa of a bouncing girl baby—but thinks of calling it Cleveland. We notice some days four or five railroad locomotives going to Oak Hall for water it being scarce down the country. Wm Baumgardner while wrestling last Friday accidentally broke his leg below the knee. A gentleman from Danville has bought the stumpage right of 100 acres of timber land from Henry Meyer, Sr., and will go to work at once. PRESTO.

UNFORTUNATE DEFECT IN THE CONSTITUTION.

[Pittsburg Commercial Gazette.]

An amendment to the Constitution forever prohibiting the manufacture and sale of tin horns can have our most ardent support.

SOMETHING TO THINK OF ON THANKSGIVING DAY.

[Bradford Era.]

Everybody rejoices that William Pitt Kellogg was knocked out by a protection Democrat.

THE MAN WHO SAID: "CLAIM EVERYTHING."

[Chicago Times.]

In times of great political peril like these, the Republicans sadly miss old Zach Chandler.

TEARS THAT OUGHT TO BE BOTTLED.

[Richmond Dispatch.]

The probability is that Mr. Roscoe Conkling's tears wouldn't float the Great Eastern.

THE WORK OF FIENDS.

Hempstead, Texas, Nov. 14.—At 1:30 this morning the north-bound train on the Houston and Texas Central railway was wrecked at Clear Creek station, about two miles south of this place, and as far as known ten people were killed outright and fifteen more or less dangerously wounded. An investigation by the railway authorities reveals that the diabolical work was done by discharged employees and thieves in the vicinity who sought to wreck a night train for the spoils it contained. Breaking into a section house the wreckers obtained the necessary tools, and by pulling the spikes and unfastening the fish-plates, arranged a rail to yield to pressure without, however, entirely removing it. It so happened that a passenger train having the right of way and being behind hand was first to reach the scene of the disaster. Striking the loosened rail the engine and tender got over safely, while two baggage cars, mail and express and two Pullman sleepers went over the three-foot embankment and into the creek.

CHOLERA IN PARIS.

Paris, Nov. 14.—The cholera epidemic shows little if any effect upon the pleasure seeking proclivities of the people. The theatres and other places of amusement are filled every night. It is known that the deadly disease made large ravages among the soldiers of the garrison, but the military officials publish no returns and refuse all information. The West end is still healthy, but is comparatively deserted. Most of the residents in that quarter have fled. The continued cold weather is exercising a favorable effect on the rate of mortality which does not exceed one in 36,000. The ravages of the epidemic are trival as compared with those of typhoid fever. Since midnight there have been 17 deaths by cholera in the city, and 31 in the hospital. Three deaths from the same disease occurred to-day at Oran and 1 at Toulon.

Stated by H. B. Cochran, druggist, Lancaster, Pa: Have guaranteed over 300 bottles of Burdock Blood Bitters for dyspepsia, sour stomach, bilious attacks, liver and Kidney trouble.

BETTING NO BAR TO VOTING.

At the polls in Philadelphia on election day George W. Clothier was challenged on the ground that he had made a bet on the result of the election, and the election officers sustained the challenge. The challenge was based upon the act of 1839, which declares that any one making a bet on the result of the election is disfranchised from voting at such an election. There was no denial by Clothier that he made the bet as alleged. Judge Allison promptly made an order to the effect that the election officers of said division being satisfied that the said George W. Clothier is a qualified elector under the constitution, shall receive his vote irrespective of any evidence that he has made a wager upon the result of the election. An Act of Assembly which adds any qualification to an elector's right to vote not recognized by the Constitution is unconstitutional.

MARRIED.

At Rebersburg, on Nov. 13, by Rev. F. Aurand, Mr. F. S. Tomlinson and Miss Ida M. Leitzell, both of Aaronsburg.

By same, on October 12, Mr. W. C. Bressler and Miss E. E. Bowersox, of Wolf's Store.

BROWN'S IRON BITTERS — THE BEST TONIC.

Trade Mark QUALITY P PURITY NOT QUANTITY. On Every Bottle.

PHYSICIANS AND DRUGGISTS RECOMMEND IT.

This medicine, combining Iron with pure vegetable tonics, quickly and completely Cures Dyspepsia, Indigestion, Weakness, Impure Blood, Malaria, Chills and Fevers, and Neuralgia.

It is an unfailing remedy for Diseases of the Kidneys and Liver.

It is invaluable for Diseases peculiar to Women, and all who lead sedentary lives.

It does not injure the teeth, cause headache, or produce constipation—other Iron medicines do.

It enriches and purifies the blood, stimulates the appetite, aids the assimilation of food, relieves Heartburn and Belching, and strengthens the muscles and nerves.

For Intermittent Fevers, Lassitude, Lack of Energy, &c., it has no equal.

☞ The genuine has above trade mark and crossed red lines on wrapper. Take no other.

Made only by BROWN CHEMICAL CO., BALTIMORE, MD.

ASSIGNEE'S NOTICE.—Notice is hereby given that Jacob McCool, of Gregg township, Centre county, Pa., on the 3d day of November, A. D., 1884, made an assignment for the benefit of creditors to the undersigned, which said assignment has been duly recorded. All persons knowing themselves indebted to said Jacob McCool will please arrange the same promptly, and those having claims will please present the same duly authenticated for settlement. JNO. GROVE,

Nov. 17, 84. 3t Assignee.

COURT PROCLAMATION

Whereas, the Hon. Adam Hoy, President of the Court of Common Pleas of the 49th Judicial District, consisting of the counties of Centre and Huntingdon, and the Hon. Jas. R. Smith and the Hon. Chester Munson Assoc. Judges in Centre county, having issued their precept, bearing date 28th day of Oct., 1884, to me directed, for holding a Court of Oyer and Terminer and General Jail Delivery and Quarter Sessions of the Peace in Bellefonte, for the county of Centre, and to commence on the Fourth Monday of Nov'r next, being the 24th day of Nov 1884, and to continue two weeks. Notice is hereby given to the Coroner, Justices of the Peace, Aldermen and Constables of said county of Centre, that they be then and there in their proper persons, at 10 o'clock in the fornoon of said day, with their records, inquisitions, examinations, and their own remembrances, to do those things which to their office appertains to be done, and those who are bound in recognizances to prosecute against the prisoners that are or shall be in the jail of Centre county, be then and there to prosecute against them as shall be just.

Given under my hand, at Bellefonte, the 28th day of Oct. in the year of our Lord 1884, and the one hundred and seventh year of the independence of the United States. T. J. DUNKLE Sheriff

CAUTION.—Having purchased the following articles at constable's sale, all persons are cautioned against meddling with the same, as they will be left in the possession of Charles Madira, at my pleasure, viz: One cow, 1 calf, 4 hogs, 3 beds and bedding, tabels, corner cupboard, ½ dozen chairs, lot of carpet, washstand, queensware, clock, cooking stove, and doughtray.

J. D. LONG,

5nov3t Spring Mills.

KELLER'S CATARRH-REMEDY

THE GREAT BLOOD PURIFIER OF THE WORLD.

Catarrh has become so prevalent that scarcely a family is exempt, and it is truly the bane of the American race. So many preparations are in the market that *do not cure*, that a *Positive, Sure,* and NEVER-FAILING CURE will be welcomed by all. KELLER'S Catarrh Remedy and Blood Purifier has NEVER failed in a single case where directions are followed. It strikes at the root of the disease, and eliminates the poison from the blood. Its success has been wonderful and sales immense. All that is asked for it is a trial. The most obstinate and long-standing cases yield readily to this remedy. *It is perfectly harmless.* Price $1 a bottle, 6 bottles for $5. Upon receipt of $5 by Sam'l F. Keller & Co., Harrisburg, Pa., six bottles will be sent by express, prepaid. *Take no other,* for it is the only preparation that *reaches the seat of the disease and* Cures. Send for circular (or ask your druggist for one) concerning Cause, Nature, Symptoms and Cure of Catarrh. It contains testimonials of authentic and genuine cures. It is also the Best Blood Purifier in the market. For sale by Druggists generally. Wholesale by SAM'L F. KELLER & Co., Harrisburg, Pa.; also by JOHNSTON, HOLLOWAY & Co., and SMITH, KLINE & Co., Philad'a, Pa.

Salesmen Wanted. Liberal Commission or Salary and Expenses. Address P. N. NICHOLAS & CO., Nurserymen, Geneva, N. Y., growers of all the new and old Fruit and Ornamentals. 22oc4t

ESTRAY.—Came to the premises of the undersigned, on or about Sept. 15, a dark brown heifer, about 9 months old, with a star on forehead, and part of tail white. The owner is requested to prove property, pay costs and remove the same.

15oct3t WM. A. BOAL.
Potter Township.

FARM AT PRIVATE SALE.—The undersigned offers his valuable FARM OF 40 ACRES for sale. Thereon a good house and bank barn and all necessary outbuildings, an orchard of choice fruit, and good, never-failing water at house and barn. Also 14 Acres of timber land about 1½ miles from above. His property lies about one mile south of Tusseyville, and is a very desirable home. J. W. MERSINGER,

27aug6m Tusseyville, Pa.

The Grandest Popular Work Ever Published. Many Years in Preparation. At Last Completed.

SCAMMELL'S UNIVERSAL

Treasure-House

OF

USEFUL KNOWLEDGE.

A Compendium of the best Method in Every Department of Human Effort. The most complete and overwhelming collection of practical, useful and immensely valuable processes, receipts, trade secrets, methods, ways and means in every art and business. Nothing omitted.

SEVEN VOLUMES IN ONE.

(I) Farm Interests. (II) Domestic Life. (III) Chemistry and Health. (IV) Mechanics. (V) Mercantile Life. (VI) Refinements. (VII) Recreation.

In short, plain directions HOW TO DO EVERYTHING under the sun. No volume like it to be found in Europe or America. A magnificent, comprehensive and tremendous aggregation of absolutely useful information for actual every-day life. Tens of thousands of subjects, and Thousands of ENGRAVINGS illustrating them. Beautiful colored plates. Wonderful and endless variety. A book worth its weight in gold to every possessor. Sells at sight. Territory extremely valuable. AGENTS WANTED who can appreciate a first-class book. No competition. The handsomest volume in market. It draws like a magnet. Address, SCAMMELL & CO.,

12nov6m Philadelphia, Pa.